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Autobiographical Notes

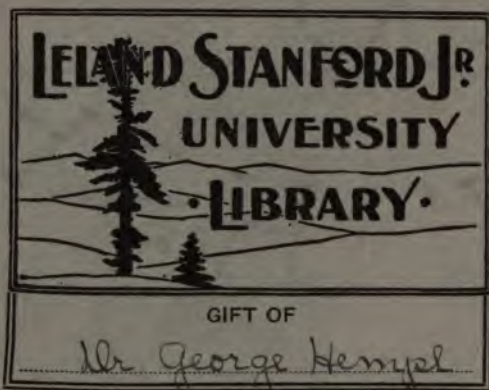
Autobiographical Notes

By

E. Lakin Brown

Edited by His Daughter,
H. Ada Brown

Schoolcraft, Michigan
1905



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Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

At an extreme old age of nearly seventy years I begin to write the history of a life whose importance and interest if compared with the lives of those whom the world calls successful business men, or with any of those who have attained eminence in any of the great sciences and pursuits of life, would seem to be utterly insignificant. Yet with respect to most of those among whom I have lived, and having regard to my early opportunities and advantages, or the want of them, my life has been not wholly unsuccessful. It is only at the urgent request of my children, and in the hope that it may be a gratification to them after I shall have passed away, that I have undertaken this brief sketch of my life history, and it is uncertain at what point the infirmities of age, or the ruthless hand that shuts the book of life of every mortal, may bring it to a close.

I have never kept a journal, and almost no records of circumstance or date to which I can refer; and it is almost entirely upon memory that I must rely for the facts of this biography; consequently it must necessarily be meager and incomplete both in regard to facts, incidents and arrangement.

I was born in the township of Plymouth, Vermont, April 16, 1809. My father and mother, whose maiden name was Sally Parker, were of pure New England stock; my father, Thomas Brown, being fourth in descent from John Brown of Hawkedon, Suffolk county, England, who married (April 24, 1655) Esther Makepeace of Boston, England, and immediately sailed for America and settled at Watertown, Massachusetts. My mother, daughter

of Ebenezer Parker, was born in Westford, Massachusetts. I was the third the eldest son of a family of eleven children, five sons and six daughters, all of whom except one Joseph, who died at the age of ten years grew up, and became the fathers and mothers of families.

The township of Plymouth is situated in the midst of the Green Mountains, its west line being nearly coincident with the ridge dividing the waters that flow into the Connecticut River, from those that flow into Lake Champlain. The mountains, or hills, rise in many places by a gradual but pretty steep ascent, and were, eighty years ago, pretty well wooded; while in other places they are precipitous, bare, rugged mountains, especially where they face upon the water courses. The face of the township is in general, rough and rugged, with some plateaus of tolerably level, productive grass land, originally swamps. A hard, rugged country to settle and live in.

My father had a small farm about a half mile south of what was known as Plymouth Notch, where a tavern house of two stories—the outside walls lathed and plastered, a fashion much in vogue there in the early days, owing, I suppose, to the abundance of lime which was manufactured in the town,—a small store and a blacksmith shop were all that rendered it conspicuous.

The town was settled almost exclusively by people of New England birth, and largely from Massachusetts. My grand-father, Bowman Brown, moved from Lunenburg, Massachusetts, to Plymouth in 1789, and was the fourth settler in the township. He located on

Black River, where he resided until his death in 1806. The place was then occupied by his son Daniel some seven or eight years, when he removed to Owego, N. Y., and was succeeded by Nathaniel, who had resided many years in Bedford, Mass. He was the eldest son of the family, and for the time and place a thrifty and able farmer. Some years before his death he transferred the farm to his son-in-law, Moses Pollard, who married his daughter Abigail. Pollard continued to reside there, and raised a numerous family, but after the death of his wife sold out and removed to Ludlow, so that the old homestead has passed out of the possession of the Brown family. It was a noted place in the township on the river road that led to Ludlow and Cavendish. A narrow strip sloping to the river bottom, where the road passed, the house just above the road, and then a steep ascent to the top of the mountain. The river bottom on this farm alone, was a pretty wide track of originally alder swamp, reclaimed at length into a most admirable and productive hay meadow.

The upland was in general too steep to plow, and the meadow too wet, so that there was but little arable land on the place, but the yield of hay was abundant, and supported a large amount of stock, while the steep upland, when cleared of timber, afforded pasturage. Time and labor made it one of the best farms in the township, but it was an exceedingly hard place when in a state of nature for a poor settler to occupy.

Directly to the north about three miles and separated from the river by a mountain chain, was an elevated uneven plateau, some hundreds of feet higher than the river valley, in the midst of which was situated the little hamlet called the Notch, before alluded to.

The little farm on which my parents began their house-keeping consisted of some 80 or 100 acres, extending from the top of the mountain, commonly called the Blueberry Hill, down to its base on the plateau, and across this comparatively level bit of land, and a ravine and brook and a little beyond to the base of East Mountain, affording probably not over 25 or 30 acres of fairly arable land, and that in detached pieces or fields. Just at the base of the mountain was a little cottage of two rooms and an unfinished garret. The house was lathed and plastered outside as well as in, according to the fashion of the place. When I was about six years old an addition was made to the house of a fair-sized working room, a little bedroom and a buttery.

Across the road was a 30 by 40 foot barn, and on one side of the house a very fine bearing orchard of some five acres.

The house and barn were built, I believe, by Robert Bishop, who married my father's sister, Abigail. Nearly all of the arable land had already been cleared, but the woods on the west hill came down to within a few rods of the house.

My father was the tenth of a family of eleven children of Bowman and Abigail (Page) Brown. He was but nine years old when the family removed from Lunenburg, Mass., to Plymouth. He had never had any schooling, and of course received none after; the country was new, wild and rugged, and almost without the most ordinary means of subsistence, and it required all the time and energies of the family to procure the means of sustaining existence. But my father was possessed of an iron constitution, was inured to work and entered bravely upon the task of sustaining a family that soon became numerous, on his rough little

farm. He was a man of excellent judgment, strong common sense, most acute feeling, and was strongly attached to his family, and indeed to anything that was his. He was able to read, and to write and cipher sufficiently to keep his little accounts.

My mother's mother, whose maiden name was Keep, had a family of sixteen children; her first husband's name was Hildreth. The larger number of the children were by the second husband Ebenezer Parker. All the children lived to adult age.

Salmon Dutton, the original settler and proprietor of the village of Duttonsville, in Cavendish, Vermont, married grand-father Parker's sister. So it happened that on a visit to the Parker family at Westford, Mass., finding the children more abundant than the means of properly providing for them, he took two of the younger ones, John, aged seven years, and Sally, aged five, and carried them on horse back, John riding behind and Sally in his arms before, to his home in Vermont and raised them to man and womanhood. John became in due time a merchant in Duttonsville and died while still in his early manhood of a prevailing epidemic of spotted fever, about 1813, greatly beloved and lamented, leaving a wife and three children.

In the village of Duttonsville my mother had the opportunity of acquiring a very good education, according to the fashion of the times, which she improved to the utmost. Naturally bright she learned easily and stood among the first in school. Very fond of reading she became familiar with the best English authors such as Addison, Johnson, Steele, Swift, Pope and Dryden, and with Homer and Virgil through the translations of the two last named. I

well remember when a boy hearing her recite long passages from the Iliad and the Aeneid, though she had seen neither for long years. I have known few if any better readers than she was. For distinction of utterance, readiness and accuracy of comprehension and the power of conveying the exact meaning, I have never seen her excelled.

In religion my parents were both Universalists. My mother was a great reader of the Bible, and could generally tell instantly where any passage was to be found. She was quite fond of controversy upon religious topics. She was a great admirer of Hosea Ballou, then the great apostle of the Universalists. She was familiar with the arguments of that acute reasoner, and many an orthodox clergyman found himself *hors de combat* in a most unexpected way in controversy with her.

My father was a straight, perfectly formed man, five feet ten inches in height, weight about 160 pounds, quick and agile. My mother was of delicate make. She had a very clear, delicate skin, a high forehead, very sensitive handsome lips, was most sensitive to pain, and altogether must have been more than ordinarily attractive in her youth. Both had black eyes and hair black as a raven.

The outfit of a farmer in those days was very primitive and simple. A yoke of oxen, an ox cart, a sled, a plow, a log chain, a shovel and a hoe, a scythe, a sickle, a rake and a pitchfork was about all that was required.

The grain was threshed with a flail, and cleaned with a fan, generally of willow, shaped like a clamshell, and operated upon the knees by alternate motions to right and left, and little tossings up and down, with a wing held in the hand to brush off the chaff as it was worked to the surface. I was quite

a large lad before I ever saw any other way of cleaning grain, when my father, in company with a neighbor farmer, bought an ill-constructed fanning mill, but a great improvement upon the hand fan.

Besides the operations upon the little farm, my father owned a lime-stone ledge,—as it was called—that is, a small bit of land in the region of lime-stone about a mile from home, and a lime-kiln, where in the winter time he used to make more or less, always at least one kiln of lime, the kiln containing, I think, about one hundred hogsheads; This helped materially in eking out the family expenses. The lime-making at Plymouth was for many years quite an extensive business. There was little if any made anywhere else in the vicinity, and people came from the surrounding towns to purchase it. The family or settlement of Shakers at Enfield, N. H., always bought their lime supply of my father, and paid in articles of their own manufacture, such as spinning wheels, tubs and pails, dry measures of all sizes, turned ware, whips, garden seeds, and various other articles, all of a make and quality vastly superior to any that could be obtained elsewhere. It was always a time of great interest to us youngsters, when the old Shakers would come with their load of goods, and stay over night, talking their peculiar dialect, and discoursing upon their peculiar notions and habits. They dwelt especially upon the necessity of celibacy to enable one to live a spiritual life. I recollect that when father objected on the ground that that doctrine if adopted would lead to the end of the race, the old Shaker, with whom he was talking, shrewdly answered that there was no danger.

There is very little lime now made at

Plymouth. The facilities for transportation and other causes have conduced to throw its manufacture into other localities where it can be done cheaper. There was a time when lime was so common an article of traffic that it became a medium of payment for ordinary debts, and store balances and other indebtedness were settled by note payable in "lime to fill;" that is, lime to fill as many hogsheads as it would require to settle the debt, without the hogshead, that being merely a measure of quantity; whereas, if the note was for hogsheads of lime the law would require the hogshead with the lime contained.

Another common mode of settling debts, peculiar to the time in that impecunious community, was by note "payable in neat stock, at the appraisal of men." These notes were generally made payable on the first day of October, that being about the time of year when farmers got up their stock from out-pastures, and when merchants began to buy up cattle for the Brighton market.

But it is about time to leave these preliminaries and get at some of the incidents in the life of the hero of the story. The first remarkable thing that tradition relates is that for some unknown reason the good-natured babe was to be weaned at the tender age of three months. For this purpose the mother made a visit to her friends in Duttonsville, leaving the babe in charge of its father, from whose hand it drank milk from a cup, and caused not the slightest trouble from being debarred from the mother's breast. As I grew to the age of two or three years my health was tolerably good, though I was rather thin and delicate; not sufficiently robust to suit my father and he was confident that the proper degree of hardness could be induced by a daily cold water

bath. So every morning I was taken from the bed and carried naked to the tank a few rods from the house, and soused all over into the cold water with which the tank was fed from a mountain spring, and then wrapped in a blanket and carried in to the fire. But the reaction never took place; I grew thinner and thinner, my lips became colorless and it was soon evident that the heroic cold water treatment must be discontinued. I soon recovered my usual health and went on favorably until in an evil day I was sent to the district school, which was taught, or rather kept that summer by a Miss Hawkins, of Bridgewater; a person evidently unfit to be entrusted with the care of children. I had learned the alphabet at home and was advanced to syllables of two letters called the "abs." When called to the teacher's knee I would readily name the letters but nothing could induce me to pronounce the syllable till it was pronounced by the teacher. Finally, impatient at my refusal to say what I was not sure was right, the teacher began to threaten. She placed me upon my little bench, and taking a string, put it around my neck and the other end around a big nail which was driven in the wall above my head, began to wind up until it grew tight, and then telling me that she should wind it up until I was choked to death and would never go home any more, the scholars began to cry, the school was in an uproar, and she was obliged to desist. But the fright had been too great, I was dead sick, and had to be carried home, where I lay sick with fever for some days. It need not be said that I was sent no more to Miss Hawkins' school. As soon as I was well, my education was taken charge of at home, and before

the summer was past I could read very readily in any easy reading.

I will relate another event which happened in my early childhood, not because it was of any importance in itself, but because of the effect it had upon my child's mind, and the fear and trouble it caused me for long years. I will premise that from our home no house was visible in either direction, though it was but about 100 rods to the nearest neighbor on the north, but the town grave-yard was between, on the side of a steep hill, close along and by the side of which, the road ran, a little curve of the cemetery hill shutting all human habitation out of sight. One day it was discovered that a grave recently occupied by an old lady - Grandma Grover - had been robbed of its occupant; the ghouls had been alarmed at their work and left the grave but partly filled. In that quiet little community this was an awful and solemn thing and large numbers of men were out in search of any indications of the route the robbers had taken. They were tracked across the fields down into the adjacent swamp, and it was found where a wagon had waited for them some distance out on the Bridgewater road, and there all trace was lost. It was supposed the body had gone to the dissecting room at Woodstock, and interest in the matter had measurably ceased, when one day as Cephas Moore was looking for sheep on a rough hill pasture, north-west of the school-house, he suddenly came upon a gruesome object, partly hidden with bark by the side of a large log, which proved to be the lost body of Grandma Grover. Of course, the wonder and the awe and the gloomy talk were renewed, and the result of it was to me that the grave-yard became a thing of terror, and to

pass it alone even in the day time was a fearful thing and in the night a horror not to be endured. But as all our errands and communication with the world were in that direction the case was a most annoying and distressing one, and was one of the greatest causes of my childish griefs and terrors.

The year 1816 was memorable throughout New England as the cold year. In Vermont there was not a month without frost. Corn, except in some favored situations on the Connecticut River, was a total failure and the destitution of the poor was very great. The preceding year was the close of the war with Great Britain. I well remember hearing the cannon at Rutland, fired in celebration of the declaration of peace.

One morning, I think in the latter part of November, 1819, a young lady appeared at my father's door, whose advent was to prove of considerable importance to the older children of the family. She was Miss Susan F. Cook, daughter of my father's sister, Nancy. The family had removed some years previously to Keeseville, N. Y. Susan had been educated at Plattsburg in most of the learning and accomplishments that it was the fashion of the times to give young ladies. She had come a few days before to my Uncle Nat's, as we familiarly called my uncle who then occupied the old homestead on Black River. She came to him because he was reputed to be in easy circumstances, and was intending to spend the winter there, and in the spring to find, if possible, some place to open a school for young ladies. Now Uncle Nat was one of the kindest-hearted, best men in the world, but sometimes rough in speech. One morning Susan had not risen, while the mother was

hard at work upon the washing. Uncle Nat observing this, called loudly, and chided her for lying in bed while "mother" was doing her washing. Susan arose in tears, and at once started on foot for her Uncle Tom's, and arrived as I have said, the tears still upon her cheeks. She was most warmly welcomed, and it was soon decided that a school for the children should be opened in "the clock room," under her tuition. The necessary arrangements were soon made and the school commenced. Besides the regular school hours an innovation was introduced. Immediately after supper, one hour was devoted to dancing—instruction and practice. The music was furnished by the hired man, Dan Foster, who was an accomplished singer of dancing tunes.

In the spring Miss Cook obtained an apartment in the large Academy building at Chester, and taught a most prosperous school for two seasons, embracing the whole school year except the winter, which she spent for the second time with us. My sister Betsey and Abigail Brown, daughter of Uncle Nat, were pupils in her school at Chester. She was a woman of very great ability and great tact and skill in teaching. She afterwards went to Massachusetts, where she married a Methodist preacher named Fillmore, a cousin of President Fillmore. She is now (November, 1891) living at Providence, R. I., a widow, at the great age of 96 years. [Mrs. Fillmore died January 29, 1893.] I owe a debt of gratitude to her for the benefit I received at her hands. She brought to our house a variety of books, of which there was great dearth, and I remember reading aloud a great part of Shakespeare's Plays and also of lying upon the floor to represent Romeo while she painted the death scene.

Speaking of books and reading reminds me that I have omitted to mention one affair of no little importance that should have been mentioned before. It must have been, I think, previous to the Miss Cook episode that my mother realizing our want of books, for we had almost none, and the whole neighborhood was equally destitute, undertook to correct the evil and obtain a supply of reading matter by organizing a Female Library Society. Accordingly she proceeded to draft a preamble, constitution and by-laws, for that purpose. The preamble was somewhat lengthy, and written with a force of argument and in a style worthy of Dr. Franklin, setting forth the necessity of such an institution and the advantages to the community that would accrue from it. She then called a meeting of all the women in the neighborhood and procured the signatures of as many as possible to the document. A small admission fee and the annual dues soon enabled them to procure a number of books, and to increase until it became quite a respectable collection. Its benefit was soon observable in the increased knowledge and taste for reading in the community, and to us it was of inestimable value. The contents of some of the books, like Campbell's Poems, Scott's Lady of the Lake, and others we could almost recite by heart. Chateaubriand's Attila was a delight, and larger and more solid works were not unread.

But the time came when books were more commonly owned in the households that cared for them, and those that did not lost their newly excited interest; the organization was discontinued, and the books were divided amongst the former members. The affair, however, left an impression upon our family that was never lost, and a

taste for reading was acquired that probably might not have been without it.

There will be no more fitting place to say a few words of my sister Betsey, her genial, lovable ways and her many sided abilities. Bright and intelligent she easily mastered whatever she attempted in any department of study, while in the sphere of domestic duties and household manufactures, while a mere child, she was unrivalled in the country. At that time all the wearing apparel of the household whether for male or female was manufactured in the family. Her deft hand spun the wool and wove the cloth for thick garments for men and flannel for women and children, which was sent to the mill to be dressed and colored according to requirement. She wove old fashioned coverlets, cotton and wool, of the most difficult patterns, and all this when a mere girl. Drawing and ornamental work of various kinds were alike familiar to her facile hand. At the same time she was familiar with the current literature of the day and sung agreeably the songs of Burns and Moore and others that were in vogue at the time.

I think it was in the year 1820 that my father bought the farm adjoining his on the north, which had long been owned and occupied by Captain Paul Sawyer. This was a very important addition to the farm establishment. It was as a whole much more level and contained much more arable land than the old farm, and also some very good timbered land and a pretty good sugar orchard. Up to this time the farm stock was limited to three or four cows, fifteen to twenty-five sheep, of the old native breed, - merinoes had not yet been introduced - a blood mare and the colts of her production up to a saleable age. My father never kept a two-horse

team but generally managed to have a colt that in the winter with the mother would make a team for the sleigh. It was his custom to make a winter journey to Boston—"going below" it was called—taking down a load of pork, cheese, poultry, etc., and bringing back a supply of salt, molasses, codfish and other family necessities. The team was also utilized for hauling lime, doing miscellaneous teaming and making visits. He always kept a two-horse sleigh with an extra two-seated box, called a "pleasure box," and a cutter; so the winters were made seasons of business and pleasure. There was never a two-horse wagon on the place as long as my father lived. After many years he had a one horse wagon, the box hung on thorough-braces, that is, leathers running lengthwise with the box. The harnesses, both single and double were made with Dutch collars, that is, a strap over the neck connecting with a strong, thick breast leather. Hames were unknown, to me, at any rate. Iron traces, instead of leather tugs were used. We had a splendid string of sleigh bells, the middle bell being larger than the largest orange, and gradually growing smaller towards each end. In a still winter evening their music could be heard a long distance, and was a most delightful sound to the eager youngsters, listening for the return of their father. Upon the whole, the long winters, with all their cold and discomfort were merrily passed.

Upon the new farm was an old house, which during the next year after the purchase, was repaired, altered and enlarged, and in the summer of 1821 was occupied by the family.

With the acquisition of the new farm the farming operations were materially enlarged. The sheep became a hun-

dred or more; the cows, ten or twelve, with a quantity of young stock. Sugar-making was the business and delight of the season for it. The well-known Henzie place soon became a valuable addition, together with the Sawyer place, formerly occupied by Emanuel Sawyer, and afterward by Eli Morgan, situated on the hill near Samuel Lynde's, and also one-half interest in what was known as the Cutler place on the hill south and facing the Notch. So things moved on prosperously.

It was about this time that an event occurred that caused no little excitement in the little mountain hamlet. This was no less than the announcement that an elephant would be exhibited at the barn of the Lakin hotel at the Notch. An elephant had never been seen in Plymouth, and probably not in Vermont at that time.

In order that the inquisitive and thrifty Yankees should not get a view of the wonder gratis, the elephant traveled from one place of exhibition to another only in the night-time, and as he had to pass by our house, we were all out early the next morning to see the tracks of the huge beast. There had been a little spatter of rain in the night, that made the tracks as clear cut and distinct as possible, and it was easy to see where he had passed along by a line of distinct foot prints. But that could only be one side of him, we thought, and we hunted the road over for the tracks that should have been made by the opposite pair of feet. We were finally made to admit that the one line of tracks, showing a breadth not much greater than is made by the tracks of a horse, was all there was of it, and my imagination of the magnitude of the hugest of created beasts received a decided corrective.

During all this time—with the exception of the two winters at home with Miss Cook—down to the year 1823 when I was 14 years old, I had attended the district school in winter, always three months and no more. The teachers, upon the whole, were fairly good, some of them very good for that day. Dr. John Lynde, a very strange and eccentric genius, was in many respects an able man. He was the author of a grammar, with a chart of parsing lessons consisting of abbreviated words, designed to teach the formula of parsing in a few lessons.

The chart fell into disuse, but the grammar was quite equal to any of the multitude of grammars that have been published from time to time, and contained many acute remarks and suggestions and showed considerable scholastic acquirements. It adopted the general plan and principles of Lindley Murray, whose grammar was at that time the authority in all the schools. Dr. Lynde taught our school several terms. Charles Sprague also taught a number of terms, a pretty good arithmetician and grammarian. Some of the other teachers were quite inferior. There were no blackboards and no classifying in the modern manner, but everyone for himself, and advanced according to the progress he attained; the ablest and brightest quickly perfected themselves in any study and passed through it, while the dullards never "got there."

The better scholars in our school were adepts in Morse's Geography, and especially acute grammarians, parsing and discussing and disputing upon points in the construction of Pope's Essay on Man, and the poetry in Murray's Sequel. The majority were a lot of ragamuffins who went to school year

after year, and came out much as they went in.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to give a brief description of the method of making maple sugar practiced in those primitive times, when modern improvements had not been thought of. The trees were tapped either by "boxing" with an axe—that is, making a slanting cut in the tree, cutting out a few chips—or by boring with an auger, and with the use of a "tapping gouge," inserting a flat spout split from balsam wood, or some other easily riven wood—balsam was best—which had been riven out with the same gouge, and properly sharpened. The sap was caught either in troughs dug out of a half a log, about two and a half feet long, or as in our case, in buckets made for the purpose. The sap was gathered in buckets carried usually by the aid of a neck-yoke, made to fit the neck and rest upon the back and shoulders, a pail or bucket being attached to each end by a string and hook. It was carried to the "boiling place" and emptied into the kettle or into a large tub called a sap-holder. A kettle or kettles hung upon a pole, resting in crotches at each end, made the necessary outfit. In our case, a five pail kettle and a large iron pot, the latter for heating the sap so that the kettle could be kept constantly boiling, was the arrangement. A log was rolled to each side of the kettles, and fine wood brought to make the fire between. Many a day I boiled all day long, and often until late in the night, gathering sap at intervals, with feet soaking wet in the melting snow; and never were there happier days.

I remember one day there was a quantity of sap to be boiled, and the hired man, Dan Foster, was sent with me in the morning to prepare wood for boiling, when he was to leave me alone

to do the rest. Dan loved cider dearly, and he had taken so much that morning that he was in no condition to prepare the wood properly, and I worked all day with insufficient fuel and was not able to cut much myself. The consequence was, that with all my endeavors, the job was not finished at night. The next morning father went with me to the works and finished the boiling to syrup. The custom was to carry the syrup to the house to undergo the operation of cleansing and "sugaring off." There was snow and a slippery crust, till the road was reached, and it had been a soft, slushy time the day before, and it froze hard in the night, so that the road was rough and uneven. Father got the syrup in two pails, and with great care and pains passed safely down the somewhat steep decline, and over the fence to the road, and with an exclamation of satisfaction that he had got over the worst of it, began to step off nimbly, with his pails, when he stumbled on the rough ice, and fell forward on his face, turning the syrup into the road. I have seldom seen a more doleful expression of woe than he exhibited at the loss of the syrup after all his pains.

I may as well mention here another misadventure that befell me in a totally different direction. I had been set to drag a plowed field, over at the Henzie lot, with a large crotch harrow, and a pair of three year old steers. I was walking by the side of the steers, not dreaming that there was a person within a half mile of me, when all at once the steers sprang right upon me, knocked me down and ran, the harrow passing directly over me. How I chanced not to be killed is a wonder. As it was I was pretty badly hurt. The secret and cause of the trouble was this.

An idle youth, Dana Wilder, son of a neighbor of ours, had silently crawled up to a stump on the "off side," near which the steers were to pass, and when just opposite had suddenly sprung out and shook his hat, causing the sudden stampede.

And so I lived and grew, going to the district school winters, working on the farm summers, making sugar in the spring, and cider in the fall, of which we usually made 30 or 40 barrels. I was, however, allowed considerable liberty to hunt and fish for trout in the little brook that ran through the farm. Indeed, I so frequented the brook that children imputed ownership, and it was always called "Lake's fishing brook." I had been in the habit of hunting, using a shot gun, from the age of nine years. Father never owned a gun, but I obtained one in this way. A state law required every township to keep on hand a specified number of Springfield muskets, with a certain amount of powder, lead and flints, to be in the care of the township treasurer. Father was in all those years the treasurer of Plymouth township, and I was allowed to take one of the muskets and use it as a shot gun. I became quite expert in its use. The gun was heavy, and I could not hold it out from the shoulder, but used to run the breech back over my shoulder, bringing the lock close up to my face, and so was enabled to hold the gun at a level. I never shot a rifle till after I came to Schoolcraft. Birds, squirrels, partridges, and other small game were the victims of my skill with the shot gun. Trapping woodchucks in the early spring, and tanning their hides for fur was another pleasant pastime.

I think it was in the year 1822 that an important improvement in the highway leading south from the Notch was be-

gun. As I have before said, a chain of mountains interposed between the Notch plateau and Black River, the plateau being some hundreds of feet higher than the river valley. There were two gorges where a passage was possible. One left the valley on a little table-land at a little distance east of the river, nearly opposite the house of John Taylor, one of the very first settlers in the township, and leading directly up through the mountain, came out on level land 60 or 80 rods south of the old Gale house, where my uncle, Eli Morgan, and after him, my brother George lived for many years. The road then ran directly north, past my father's old place, the new place, and so to the Notch and on to Bridgewater and Woodstock. This was the only feasible one for the early settlers to open. A bridle-path could be made along the side of the gorge without a very great outlay, and it was gradually worked so that it was passable for wheel carriages, but it was a fearful road at best and utterly precluded any considerable travel. It was so steep that a team could draw but an exceedingly light load up, and in going down the wheel of the wagon was always chained if the load was considerable, as was also the sleigh-runner in winter. And this was the only possible way to reach the Notch settlement from the south for at least thirty-three or four years. Up this mountain everything must be drawn that came from the south, even all the goods from Boston.

The other gorge left the river some three fourths of a mile farther up, where it makes a little delta of level land, now occupied by a little hamlet, called Plymouth Union. The mountains on each side of the gorge are almost perpendicular, so that the road

must run right up the ravine, and this was filled with great rocks, that required a large outlay to remove before a passage was possible. The road would come out on level land about 100 rods, directly west of my father's house, and where my brother James now lives.

In the year I mention it was decided to lay and open this road. It was a large and expensive undertaking for the people, but it was done and made a passable road in about two years. It is a pretty steep road but quite within the possibilities to haul a good load over, and is now the stage road from Ludlow to Woodstock.

About the same time a road was opened over the Green Mountains to Shrewsbury and Rutland, there having been no way to reach those towns but by a detour of several miles to the south where a road crossed the Green Mountains at a less elevation. The new road crossed the river where the new road from the Notch called the "gulf road" came down to it. A "land tax" was laid by special act to raise money to build the mountain road; and to enable those who were taxed to work the tax out, the road was divided into sections corresponding to the tax of the parties, and they were allowed to make each his portion according to specifications. My father's portion lay on the steep side of the mountain, through a dense growth of spruce timber. He went to the work with several men, and I have reason to remember having to carry the dinner all the way on foot, and the dinner pail, that seemed not so very heavy at starting became almost the last straw to the camel before I got there. Once there I staid and did what I could until night.

In 1822 father made a journey to the Holland Purchase country in Western

New York. The way it happened was this: two sons of Caleb Snow, an old revolutionary soldier and pensioner, had emigrated to the West, and the old man received a letter from the authorities of the town of Palmyra saying that his son Alvah was sick with fever and ague, and had become a town charge and requesting him to take some action to relieve the town.

Snow came to father urging him to start immediately and bring him home. Father had a splendid three years old colt that had hardly been broken to harness, but he put the colt to the cutter and started. He drove to Palmyra and found Alvah but went on to Lockport, where my Uncle Daniel, who had removed to Owego some years before, lived, and was engaged in work on the Erie Canal, then being built. After a visit there, he returned, took Alvah in the cutter and started home. The weather became thawy—it was the latter part of February—and the snow mostly departed, so that he was obliged to walk most of the way, the sick boy of course riding. However, he reached home safely, and the house was immediately filled with a throng of people, eager to inquire about the far-famed West, what it was, and all about it. Such an interest could not now be excited by the return of a traveler from any country on earth.

On the 9th of September, 1823, my sister Betsey was married to James Smith Jr. of Cavendish. James Smith Jr's father was a member of a distinguished New Hampshire family, of Peterboro in that state, of Scotch-Irish pedigree. His brother Jeremiah was Governor of New Hampshire, and Member of Congress and Judge of the United States Court during Washington's administration. Other members of the family

were distinguished in various ways. James, the elder, the old squire, as he was called, settled at an early day on Twenty-Mile Stream, in Cavendish, and was a man of note, and his house a place of great resort through the long years of his life.

My mother taught school in that district in girlhood, and the Smith home was her home, and a friendship was formed that lasted as long as the parties lived.

The bride was not taken home until Thanksgiving Day; James being engaged in repairing the house, and rebuilding a large sheep barn on the place where they were to live, known formerly as the McCoy place, which constituted by far the best part of Squire Smith's farm. It was decided that I should go with them to the new home to spend the winter. I was to review my arithmetic and receive some particularly valuable assistance from my new brother-in-law, in the way of explanation and demonstration of the rules, and furthermore, to be an assistant in tending the large flock of sheep which he kept.

But James was much engaged, often away from home, and the quantum of tuition I received was necessarily limited; but the sheep were always there and I did not lack employment. But I received some benefit, for there were books in the house, and frequently company.

A word as to the arithmetics then used. There had been in use in the schools two works on arithmetic, single copies of both of which I had seen in the schools:—one was Pike's Arithmetic, a pretty large book of English authorship, I think. The other was Daboll's Arithmetic, I don't know whether English or not; but it had un-

doubtedly been in pretty large use, for it was a common thing to say, in regard to any computation, that it was "according to Daboll," meaning that there was no question about the correctness of the result. But the arithmetic which had superseded all others and was in universal use throughout New England at the time of which I am speaking was the one published by Daniel Adams of Massachusetts called "The Scholars' Arithmetic." It was a long book, printed on cap paper, and was wholly on the synthetic plan. Immediately after the caption of any of the divisions followed the rule, directing the process for solution. Then followed the examples, without a word of explanation or induction of any sort. Immediately below each example a blank space was left, sufficient to write down the solution in full. Most of the books to be found in the schools had been filled with these written solutions, so that they were useless so far as any original effort was concerned on the part of the pupil.

When the book came to treat of fractions it merely remarked that fractions were of two kinds, vulgar and decimal, and gave an example of a vulgar fraction, but proceeded to say that they were of little utility, as vulgar fractions could be readily converted into decimal and the operations were more easily performed in decimals; and there was not another word about vulgar fractions in the book: so I escaped all bother about numerator and denominator and common divisor and all that. Blessings on Daniel Adams! A few years later Adams published another work under the title of Adams' New Arithmetic, which was a very good book, in the inductive and analytic method; neither much better nor worse

than any of the multitude of books that have since been made upon the subject.

In the spring I returned home and worked on the farm and in the winter attended the district school at the Notch with Dr. John Lynde as teacher. The following winter I again spent at my brother-in-law's, doing the chores as before and studying geometry, trigonometry and surveying. Smith was tolerably familiar with these studies and rendered assistance when necessary. The next winter I was again at Cavendish but went to the district school taught by Hale Bates. In addition I studied, by Smith's advice, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and recited at home to him.

While at school, near the close of the term, I was exposed to the measles, and there being a young babe at my sister's it was thought prudent for me to go to Squire Smith's until the sickness was passed. The old people were absent at Peterboro, N. H., and William Smith, then unmarried, occupied the home, a Miss Eunice Conant being the housekeeper. I had a pretty severe time with the measles, and the kindness of both William and Miss Conant was all that I could wish for.

After again passing the working season at home I was sent to the Academy at Chester for the last two months of the fall term. Day's Algebra, Blair's Rhetoric and Burnap's Astronomy were text-books I used. A graduate of Middlebury College, Mr. Whipple, was the Principal. The pupils numbered some sixty or seventy, mostly young men who were intending to add a little to the accomplishments of the district school. There were a few however, who were preparing to enter college. I came home with the full determination to prepare for college and get a liberal

education. It happened one day soon after I had come home, that a pedlar came along and from among his wares took out a second hand Ainsworth's Dictionary, Adam's Latin Grammar and a little Latin reading book, *Viri Romae*, and said that William Smith of Cavendish had advised him to call on me as a probable purchaser. The price for the whole was three dollars. Father was not at home and I had not a cent of money, and I was in a quandary. However, I ventured to run over to Mr. John Lakin's, the keeper of the hotel, and try to borrow the funds. This would have been considered a most unwarrantable liberty under ordinary circumstances. I got the money, however, and father gave me the money to repay it.

So then, I was equipped with the means of beginning the study of Latin, and that evening attacked *Viri Romae*, and was greatly astonished that many of the words could not be found in the dictionary. I soon became aware of the secret of the grammatical changes in the words and took to my grammar to solve difficulties. Before I left Chester, I had engaged to teach the district school in the little town of Baltimore, a little three-cornered piece that had been cut from the town of Cavendish and made a separate township, because it was separated from the rest of the town by Hawke's Mountain. The school was only for two months. This was the winter of 1827-8. At the end of the school I returned home, gave father the money I had earned—twenty-two dollars—and worked on the farm again, occupying every spare moment in reading *Viri Romae* and studying my grammar.

It is difficult to relate in their proper order the circumstances and happenings

of a long life, years after they occurred. The main thread of the story must be kept from too frequent breakage. Some things are forgotten at the proper point for their insertion, and some are better told at a more convenient time.

It must have been in the year 1818-19 that my mother's brother, Isaiah Parker made a visit and lived with us a year or more, assisting what he could on the farm, for which father paid him moderate wages. He had been an enlisted soldier in the army and his time had expired. He was just a soldier and nothing else. Jolly, good-natured, full of anecdote and soldier songs, he was utterly ignorant of any other way of getting a living. After leaving us he re-enlisted, and was stationed at what was then the very farthest outpost, Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River. I don't know how long he served, but he was at last wounded in the knee by an Indian arrow, in a skirmish with the Indians, and then had a long sickness, and before his lameness was recovered from, he begged and obtained his discharge, and started on crutches through the immense wilderness that lay between himself and civilization. The officers warned him that he would be killed by the Indians and that he would never get through if he was not killed. But go he would, living on roots and berries, not carrying even a gun to kill game or protect himself. After long months of travel he reached the Mississippi River, and then made his way to Richmond, Va., where his brother Jabez was then a merchant. His brother clothed him and took him to Washington, where he had a personal interview with President Monroe, told his story, and I believe, obtained a pension. His death occurred not many years after.

Grandfather Parker also made us a

visit of some months, after we had moved to the new home. He was a fine old gentleman, exceedingly neat in person, and polite in manner. He disliked anything that would interfere with neatness and gentlemanly leisure. He also had lived with his son Jabez at Richmond.

I omitted to say that when my sister Betsey was married and went to her new home, my sister Lephia, a girl of twelve years, went with her, and remained several years. She attended school but little if at all; but her time was occupied in household work and caring for the little ones of the family. However, she obtained some advantage from the use of what was for the times a valuable collection of books. My father brought her home at last and sent her for a term or two to a ladies' school at Woodstock, where she boarded with the family of General Asaph Fletcher, an old acquaintance and friend of my mother, in her girlhood days at Duttonsville. He was at that time sheriff of the county, and Woodstock was the county town.

About the year 1824 there came to live with James Smith a lad from Peterboro, N. H. His father and mother were dead, and he and his sister were wards of James Walker Esq., a brother-in-law of Smith, and a prominent and wealthy lawyer of Peterboro. The name of the lad was Alexander Hamilton Scott. He was the son of a young lawyer David Scott, who with his wife and son William, went from Peterboro to Franklinton, Ohio, in 1813 and in 1817 moved to Columbus, where he died in 1819. His wife and two younger children, Hamilton and Amelia, went back to Peterboro where the children were soon left motherless. Hamilton was eleven years old when he came to

James Smith's, on foot and alone, carrying his little bundle. I was for many years connected with him intimately and variously.

One winter when I lived at my brother-in-law's, a young man came there and spent most of the winter who afterward became well known as a scholar and theologian as well as an educator. This was Jefferson Sawyer, whose home was in Reading, a township adjoining Cavendish. He was at that time a student in Middlebury College. During the winter he and James Smith regularly attended and took part in a debating club at what was called "the kingdom," in the south part of Plymouth, about two miles from Smith's. I remember—for I also always attended the debates—that Sawyer was a pretty ready talker, a little heavy, perhaps, and that he had a pet word—predicate—which he made to do duty on all occasions. He was a Universalist, and in due time had charge of a church of that denomination in the city of New York, and was afterward a professor of theology in Tufts College in Massachusetts. Harvard University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity and the Leipsic theological historical society made him one of its members.

That able and eccentric genius Orestes A. Brownson also came and spent several months at the Old Squire's, preparing for the Universalist ministry. While there he came to Plymouth and preached. He was a most able, ingenious and eloquent man. Unstable, he changed from Universalism to Fanny Wrightism, from that to orthodoxy and then to Romanism. He was for a long time the able editor of The Democratic Review, a quarterly magazine.

In 1824 the Marquis Lafayette, on his visit to the United States, while making

his triumphal tour through the country, came to Woodstock. He was everywhere received with addresses of welcome, firing of salutes, military parades and every circumstance of honor. I with two other youngsters of Plymouth went to Woodstock to see him. We went on horseback, and during every step of the way the rain poured down in floods. About eleven o'clock, just as General Lafayette was coming into town, the sky cleared, the sun shone out, and a cavalcade escorting him passed under an arch of welcome that reached across the street with the greeting "Welcome Lafayette" formed in large letters with ground pine. At the reception stand on "The Green" an address of welcome was read from manuscript by Titus Hutchinson, a leading lawyer of Woodstock. Lafayette replied with easy dignity, in good English, and with but a slightly foreign accent.

In that same year, 1824, or the next, I am not certain which, my father, James Smith and wife, and my sister Sally and I made a journey to Winchester, N. H., to attend a Universalist convention at that place. James and Betsey went in a two-wheeled chaise, and father borrowed of Mr. Lakin a large two-seated wagon. The old mare was running in the pasture with her colt. The colt was put in the barn and the mare harnessed to the wagon, and we drove to Winchester, passing nearly everything on the road, stage-coaches and all. I had never before been out of my native county and the journey was full of interest. The preaching at the convention was very able and eloquent. Hosea Ballou and many of the ablest preachers of the denomination were there. I afterward heard Ballou at similar conventions at Bridgewater and Cavendish. I think him the most forcible and elo-

quent speaker I ever heard on any occasion. Returning home, we spent the night at Keene, N. H., fully sixty miles from home, and starting after sunrise reached Plymouth before sundown. Of such mettle was the old mare.

About this time was running the famous law-suit;—French vs. Smith,—one of the most remarkable cases that ever occurred in Vermont. It was an action brought by one Calvin French, of Cavendish, against, I believe, both the Old Squire and James Smith Jr. for defamation, or technically, malicious prosecution. Both Smith and French had applied for the school in the French district, in Cavendish, and Smith had obtained the situation. The rival applicant was mad, and after a variety of annoyances, attributed to that source, the teacher's ink-stand and Gunter's scale were one morning missing. The Smiths prosecuted French for the theft, and failed to prove it. Then French brought suit for damages. The case was in court for years; the Smiths were beaten several times; on one trial French recovering a verdict for six cents and costs. Many times the jury failed to agree. New trials were obtained for one cause or another, and finally a verdict of no cause of action ended the matter. The result ruined French, and the cost and trouble in one way and another nearly ruined the Smiths. They employed the ablest counsel the country contained; among them was the celebrated Jeremiah Mason of New Hampshire. My father was at Woodstock attending one of the trials of this case when my brother James was born, March 12, 1824. On the 18th of July 1826 my brother George was born. All the other children were born in the old home.

In the fall of 1828, after the fall work

was done, I again became a student at Chester. On arrival at the Academy I told Professor Whipple what I had done—studied Latin what time I could get, but entirely without assistance. He assigned me to a class well under way reading an easy little book for beginners—*Historia Sacra*. At the end of a week I told Professor Whipple that I could read the lesson almost at sight, and wished to be advanced to some other class. He said he had a class who were reading Virgil, one hundred lines a day, and he didn't think I could do it. I got my Virgil and found the lesson which was in about the middle of the second book of the Aeneid. I had just finished the lesson when the bell rang for the class. The task had been severe but I read my share as well as any of them. After that the work was easy and I had no trouble. The last week before the close of the term was given to preparation for an "exhibition" and the Latin was dropped. That ended my schooling and my study except in private. For the exhibition I was assigned the Latin Salutatory, as it was called; which was to be a recitation of a Latin extract,—anything I should choose. I selected an extract from Cicero's first oration against Cataline. Why I was chosen for that part, when there were several advanced Latin scholars in the school, I do not know, unless it was because I pronounced the Latin very easily and readily.

I taught school that winter—1828-9—in the district next south of our own, the locality being familiarly called "Frog City." The school was large and for the most part ignorant, dirty and disagreeable. I "boarded around" and—oh fough! I returned to work again on the farm in the spring and a misfortune

soon happened that ended all thoughts of going to college, and changed the whole course of my life. One day in the month of March, my brother Joseph, a bright, beautiful lad of just ten years, spent nearly the whole day in sliding down a steep bank covered many feet deep with a snow-drift that had accumulated and hardened during the winter. The sun was warm and softened the surface, so that in a little while he got thoroughly wet, but with the exercise of climbing up and sliding down, he was covered with perspiration. My father and I were hauling wood and frequently passed close by him, and I remarked that I was afraid he would take cold. Father treated it lightly as he always did everything of the kind. The next morning the boy was sick, with quite alarming symptoms. In a day or two a physician was called, but nothing could arrest the disease. It went on rapidly to quick consumption, and on May 6, 1829, he breathed his last.

The shock to my father was terrible. He had never lost a child before and Joseph was his darling, and in the event of my going away, his hope and reliance in the future. He would not hear a word of my going to college and the project was definitely dropped.

After the usual work on the farm through the season, I taught school in the Twenty-Mile Stream district, in which my brother-in-law James Smith, lived. I boarded with him the greater part of the time, and during the winter translated into English verse Addison's Latin poem, "The Battle between the Pygmies and the Cranes." I have continued the habit of reading Latin more or less from that day to this. I soon read the whole of Virgil, and then began Cicero's orations, writing out sev-

eral of them in as elegant language and style as I could. I also read some parts of Livy, Sallust, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, etc. I made versions of all of Addison's Latin poems but one,—“The Puppet Show”—of a number of the odes of Horace, several of which have been printed, and various other little pieces. I have done all this reading and study purely for my own gratification and entirely without assistance.*

While teaching the school at Caven-
dish, I began to think upon some other
course of life than what lay before me
at Plymouth. I should be twenty-one
in the spring. We had received letters
from my uncle, Daniel Brown, who had
gone to Michigan, and settled at Ann
Arbor, speaking in the highest terms of
the country, and I finally decided that
I would go out there and see the
country at any rate. When I talked of
my project to James Smith he ridiculed
the idea and said I should never go.
However, before my school was finished
he changed his tune and said he would
go with me. So, after going home I
made what preparations I could, and a
young man, Hosea Huston by name,
who had been raised in the family of
John Lakin, deciding to go with us, we
left on the eighteenth of April for the
Great West. We went in a wagon to
Fort Ann, N. Y. I think John Dix
drove the team. From there we took
stage to Troy, arriving in the evening.
Smith had relatives in business in New
York City, and he was desirous of go-
ing there before going West, and it was
decided that we would take the steam-
boat to leave in the morning and all go
down to the city. We had taken our
baggage and left the hotel for the
wharf to go aboard the boat when the
stage that ran hourly between Troy and
Albany came along, and the driver be-

ing an acquaintance of Smith, he in-
sisted that we should ride down to Al-
bany with him, assuring us that we
should get there in ample time for the
boat. But we soon saw the boat pass-
ing down the river and when we reach-
ed the dock it had gone on to New
York. We were somewhat disappoint-
ed but concluded to give up the trip
to the city and start for Michigan at
once. We engaged our passage to Buf-
falo on a line boat, which was to leave
the next morning, the first boat of the
season going west. Before leaving Al-
bany, the news came that the steam-
boat on which we had designed to take
passage to New York, and which we
had missed, had caught fire and burned
near Newburgh, with great loss of life
by fire and water. A fortunate escape
for us.

The journey on the Erie Canal was
to me of wonderful interest, I had
seen nothing outside the range of the
Green Mountains, and the marvelous
beauty of the Mohawk Flats in the
budding spring, and all the varied
scenery of town and country on the
route, and even the canal with its
series of locks was a revelation and a
wonder. But one circumstance that
then seemed pleasant enough would
now excite disgust and horror. At
short intervals the whole length of the
canal, were sign-boards bearing in large
letters the words—Whiskey, Rum, Gin,
Brandy—and as often as requested, the
boat would be laid along the tow-path,
allowing the passengers to jump ashore,
and run along to one of these rum-

* Dr. H. S. Frieze, for many years
Professor of Latin in the University of
Michigan, to whom my father showed
some of his translations of the odes of
Horace, spoke very highly of them, say-
ing, that my father had “caught the
very spirit of the author.” A. A. B.

shops, and having taken a drink the boat would take them on again.

Having arrived at Buffalo, our first purpose was to look up Thaddeus Smith, whom we knew to be in the city. Thaddeus Smith was a near neighbor and friend of the Smiths of Twenty-Mile Stream during his boyhood, but not related to them. He had gone South on attaining his majority, and engaged in the clothing business at Petersburg, Va. My cousin Eliza, daughter of my uncle, John Parker, was living in Richmond at the time, with her uncle, Jabez Parker. The two became acquainted, came North and married, and returned to Petersburg. Bad times came; Smith failed in business, and took his wife and young son Henry to her mother's in Vermont. He then went West, and in the summer of 1829, went up the lake to Detroit, and thence made a foot journey to the West, going by the old territorial or Chicago road to White Pigeon and thence to Prairie Ronde, where Bazel Harrison, the first settler in the county, had arrived the previous November. Smith visited Harrison, staid all night, and went to the "big bend" of the Kalamazoo River, now the site of the city of Kalamazoo.

We found him in Buffalo employed as clerk in an auction store conducted by Major Crary, a former inhabitant of Cavendish. He had sent for his wife and child and was living in a little house in the outskirts of the city. We remained with him over one day, and heard his account of his journey to the West, and his description of the country; and he urged us by all means to go to Big Prairie Ronde, "the finest tract of land that a man ever beheld." At his advice we took the schooner, Marie Antoinette, up Lake Erie. Had a pros-

perous and pleasant voyage till near the upper end of the lake, when a sudden squall nearly capsized the vessel, breaking the jib-boom square off, and doing other damage. The powerful voice of Captain Blake—an old sea-dog—made everything blue with orders and oaths. The schooner righted at last, when it seemed impossible, but the gale continued, and in the night we were driven back down the lake 60 or 70 miles, to find ourselves in the morning anchored in the harbor of Lower Sandusky. It was Sunday morning and we remained there through the day making repairs, which gave us an opportunity to look about the little village and adjacent country. The south shore of Lake Erie was then an unbroken wilderness, with only here and there a little hamlet or village at the mouth of some creek. We finally ended our voyage happily at Detroit, just at sundown. As soon as possible we went to the Mansion House, then the principal hotel, but found it full, and we after some trouble found lodgings at Woodworth's Hotel.

Detroit was then a little town of two or three thousand inhabitants. A little way up Jefferson Avenue was a fine clover field enclosed with a common rail fence. Many of the houses on that street were the little white-washed houses of the French settlers, and in front stood the palisades that had been placed as a defence against the Indians. Great pear trees were growing by the side of the streets in the most thickly settled parts of the town.

The next day we went in a stage coach as far as Ypsilanti and from there to Ann Arbor in a little flat-topped wagon. We immediately made our way to the log house of my uncle, Daniel Brown, about three-quarters of

a mile south of the village. This was our objective point when we left home.

After remaining at Ann Arbor a day or two, Smith and Huston started on a journey to the west part of the territory, taking the old territorial road, which, indeed, was the only road at that time; on that road was the only line of settlements. I think they bought a pony and "rode and tied;" that is, took turns in riding and going on foot.

I had not been well since coming to Ann Arbor, and as it seemed scarcely necessary for more than two to make the exploring trip I staid at my uncle's, Ann Arbor was then a growing little village. There was a very small tavern kept by one VanFossen, and quite a number of stores and mechanical shops. My Cousins, Anson and Daniel Brown were doing an extensive business, they had a large general merchandise store in town, and a distillery not far from Uncle's house, and were building a flouring mill on the Huron River, in what was called the Lower Town. Anson was one of the most able and efficient business men in the territory.

He died of the Asiatic cholera in the summer of 1833, when that scourge made its first visit to America. His death was a great loss not only to his family but to Ann Arbor, and, indeed, to the whole territory.

I spent the time going about the country. I visited my cousin Maria, who was married to a Mr. Leek and was living on a new farm in the town of Scio. I went to see the salt springs at Saline, a few miles south of Ann Arbor, then supposed to be very valuable. They have never been worked.

In due time Smith and Huston returned. They had been to Big Prairie Ronde, and found that it fully deserved

the eulogium that Thaddeus Smith had given it. They found about sixty families settled on the border between prairie and timber on the Big Prairie and Gourdneck Prairie. There was one log cabin in what is now the village of Schoolcraft. A man named Rue or Larue had "squatted" on the E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 18, and built a cabin just in front of what is known as the Dyckman place. Smith and Huston bought his claim for \$50, paying down \$10. Rue agreed to put up a log building to be ready by the time they could get a stock of goods from New York and be on hand to take possession. I was offered the option to stay and make a third partner in the venture or not. Huston was to remain at Ann Arbor and find something to do in the interval, and make his way West in season to be on hand when the goods should come. I decided to return home. Huston hired out to VanFossen to split rails and Smith and I started for Vermont.

We took the steamboat Henry Clay down the lake, and went on together as far as Lockport, where Smith took stage—the noted Ridge Road route—for New York, and I made straight for home. At Buffalo, however, we called again on Thaddeus Smith, talked the events of the journey all over, and made a schedule of the goods that must be had. It was agreed that when the goods should reach Buffalo, Thaddeus Smith and family should go on with them to Prairie Ronde, Thaddeus to have an interest in the affair, and make a home for Huston and whoever might come after. When the goods, amounting to about \$700, arrived at Buffalo, Thaddeus Smith and family went up the lake to Detroit, and then across the country. The goods went with them

as far as Detroit, but from there went round the lakes to St. Joseph, and then were boated up the St. Joseph River to what is now Lockport, and thence wagoned home. Huston came on in due time, and waited for the goods which, he wrote to Smith, "came like a cat drawn tail foremost."

On arriving at Prairie Ronde, they found, instead of a cabin ready to go into, goods and family, that soon after they had left, an old Quaker named Bond, had come and offered Rue some advance in the price he had sold for, and Rue had accepted it and run away. Bond had several sons, and they all together claimed the entire section 18, and proceeded to plow a furrow with a big breaking plow around the entire section, except what was included in the timbered land of the "Big Island." When I came here in the fall of 1831, the furrow was plain and open all the way.

It became necessary for Smith and Huston to find some place among the settlers where they could stay till further arrangements were made. Abner Calhoun, who had a cabin on the west side of the prairie, offered to let them in, and they passed the winter in his cabin, goods and all, though he had a cabin pretty well filled with children. In the early spring, having bought the claim of Nathan Harrison, a son of Bazel Harrison, to the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 19, they put up a pretty good-sized log building, and moved over, goods and all. The log house was just a little west of the house now (1891) occupied by my son Addison.

As for myself, after arriving at home I went to work again on the farm, taught the Notch school in the winter and worked on the farm again the next summer. By this time I began to long

to go West again, and talked the matter over with James Smith, when he proposed that I should go out, and stopping through the winter with the folks at Prairie Ronde, should fix on some place to open a separate store, and in the spring, when he bought a new supply for their store, he would also buy for me and take a share in the concern. With that understanding I started on the 10th of October, 1831, with little more cash than barely to take me there. When I got to Albany, I found that the railroad to Schenectady had just been completed, and that the first passenger car was to leave in the morning. Upon being taken to the point of departure—there was no station—I found the car was filled with persons who had engaged places for the first trip. I was assured that a horse-car would soon follow, which proved true, and starting just behind the steam, which though running very moderately, gained constantly on the horse, we arrived safely a little behind. Then up the canal, and up the lake to Detroit on a crazy little steamer called the Enterprise, which—the weather being rough—creaked and groaned all night, a risk I would not like to take again; then on to Ann Arbor, just as we had done the year before.

The question now was, how to get to Prairie Ronde. There was no public conveyance west of Ann Arbor. The country had just begun to be settled. There were settlers at pretty wide distances apart, all the way to Bronson, as Kalamazoo was then called. I had expected to find persons moving West with whom I could go; at least get my little trunk taken along and I go afoot, if necessary. Several movers passed Ann Arbor, but no persuasions would induce any one of them to take my

trunk, although I said I would walk all the way, and assist them if I could. There had been some inches of snow and the ground was getting wet and muddy. Eight or ten days had passed, and I began to despair of getting further, for the trunk must go, if I went, when one day, Uncle Daniel said, "I'll tell you what, Lake, Anson has got an old Indian pony, and Major Rumsey has a light wagon. I'll take them and go out with you; the pony can't draw us both but we'll ride and tie." So said so done. My aunt prepared a large box of provisions, and on a Monday morning we started, in gay spirits. My dear old uncle! I shall never forget how good and kind he was.

At Jackson there was a framed hotel and several log cabins. When we reached Sandstone Creek, a few miles west of Jackson, we found the creek deep and muddy;—there was not a bridge between Ann Arbor and Bronson. We drove in, but the pony—he was supposed to be forty years old—floundered and stumbled, and had not strength enough to get across. There was a house in sight half a mile away and I ran for help. I got a man with a yoke of oxen and a log-chain, who came and drew horse and wagon to the west side of the creek. At Marshall we stopped at a cabin and got dinner. The workmen and family had just dined, and were going out to start for the first time a new saw-mill; so we saw the mill cut the first log. I do not remember any other building, big or little at Marshall.

At Battle Creek we got dinner—it served for breakfast and dinner at the log-cabin tavern of Dr. Foster—venison and cranberries, not much else. We stayed at Tolland's Prairie over night, and reached the Kalamazoo River late

in the afternoon of next day. At the crossing found a tin horn hanging on a bush, blew the horn and soon Mr. Nathan Harrison appeared with a boat, a sort of scow, on which we ran the wagon and were poled over in safety, the pony wading and swimming behind.

A half-mile or so took us to Huston's store; for he had the past summer built a small two-story building, on what is now the corner of Main and Rose streets, and had taken part of the goods from the Prairie establishment and opened store there. In the preceding May, James Smith, with his brother, Joseph Addison, who had been living at Peterboro, N. H., accompanied by Esq. Walker, had visited Prairie Ronde. Addison, who had about \$1,500 capital, became a partner in the business and remained; James returned home by way of New York and sent on a new supply of goods. The prairie lands had just come into market, the land office being at Monroe.

Walker loaned money to several of the settlers to enable them to buy their lands. Titus Bronson was the proprietor of the village called after his name, now Kalamazoo. He was living in a little cabin near Arcadia Creek, and Huston boarded with him. There were not more than three other cabins in the place. Huston took us to Bronson's for supper. Uncle Daniel remained there until next day. Huston had a horse and got another from Bronson, and we rode to the Prairie, getting there about nine o'clock p. m., November 5, 1831. It was Saturday night and we had been just six days from Ann Arbor. Uncle Daniel came the next day and on the day following he started home, going to White Pigeon and taking the Territorial Road. I

learned afterward that he had a hard time getting home. The pony tired out; he had to leave him; got another somehow, and reached home quite sick and worn out. When he left, I gave him what money he said was sufficient, and found I had just eighteen dollars left to begin my fortunes with.

I found at the store-dwelling Thaddeus Smith and wife Eliza and her sister, Mary Ann, and the five years old son Henry, born in Virginia, and a little new-comer about three weeks old, now, Helen, widow of Mr. Isaiah Pursel. Addison Smith also was there, and a hired man, and a Mr. Edwin Fogg, from New Hampshire, who had that day put up the frame of a little cabinet maker's shop, on the lot now occupied by William Strew. There were no other buildings in what is now the village of Schoolcraft.

The day I arrived at Schoolcraft, Stephen Vickery finished the survey of the village of Schoolcraft. Lucius Lyon, the proprietor of the village, named it after his friend, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Indian agent and author. The survey embraced the whole of the E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 18, and a number of valuable and costly buildings were afterward erected on Eliza street and near Center street. A very great mistake, as the land adjoining the village on the east, then held as University land, afterward came into market, was plotted and added to the village, and the quarter line between them became the main road north and south. The road south in extension of Center street was vacated, and the property became comparatively worthless.

The day after my arrival, Sunday, Addison Smith and I, spent at the house of Mr. Johnson Patrick, who was living in a partly finished, framed, story and

half house on the corner of Sec. 20. On this corner now stands the brick house built by Mr. Jerome T. Cobb. There we found Mr. Patrick and wife, and a family of young girls and Miss Betsey Foster, sister of Mrs. Patrick, a young lady whom I came to know very well. She afterward married a Mr. Arnold from Hinesburgh, Vermont, who had settled in Allegan, and she became the mother of Judge Dan Arnold and of the wife of Senator Stockbridge of Kalamazoo. While I was at Ann Arbor I was innoculated for the kine-pox, and it was working finely that day, so that I was in no condition to converse or to enjoy anything.

The company were about to build a hotel on the corner of Center and Eliza streets, and the timber was on the ground and being framed. The carpenter was Mr. Nathaniel Foster, brother of Mrs. Patrick, and his method of framing was by the old "scribe rule," which was used before the "square rule" was invented. The frame was completed and raised in March, and the building finished the next summer and Mr. Johnson Patrick installed as landlord.

The winter was not altogether pleasant. There was no fire in the store room—the family occupied the back part of the house with a cook stove—until some time in January, some bricks were procured and a chimney built in one corner, Addison Smith being the mason. The mortar was common clay and it was kept from freezing while being laid, by heating the bricks. I spent a part of the time at the Kalamazoo store, Huston being absent.

Miss Mary Ann Cobb, a daughter of Mr. Nathan Cobb of Virginia Corners, spent a part of the winter assisting Mrs. Smith. She was a bright and in-

teresting girl, whose sudden death two or three years later I very much regretted.

In the spring of 1832 occurred the Black Hawk war. One night in April, after all were abed, a loud rap was heard at the door, which proved to be by an expressman from White Pigeon, bearing orders for the militia of the county to be called out; the Indians in Illinois had risen and were slaughtering the inhabitants. They had taken some military posts in Chicago and the whole country was in danger. A gathering was held as soon as possible in the unfinished hotel, and the people from Virginia Corners and elsewhere in the neighborhood, assembled. Dr. David E. Brown was Colonel of militia, and Hosea Huston, at Bronson, was Major, and Isaac Barnes of Gull Prairie, was Lieut. Colonel. The first thing was to send a messenger with the express to Bronson and Gull Prairie. A volunteer was called for to go. As no one else offered I volunteered. Mr. Elijah Fletcher had a big black stallion, that was kept in our barn. I saddled and mounted him and started about midnight, very dark, rode to Bronson, and in front of the store hailed Huston, crying;—"The Indians are upon us!" Huston came to the window half dazed. I explained matters to him and went on to Gull Prairie, getting there just at daylight. I left the express with Colonel Barnes, got some breakfast and started home. When I arrived all the settlers in the neighborhood were collected at Schoolcraft. Addison Smith had been having a pow-wow with old Sagamaw, chief of the Pottawatamies in the neighborhood, as it was feared these Indians might become hostile. I received the formal thanks of Colonel Brown. The men liable to duty were

dismissed with orders to hold themselves in readiness for duty on call. A few days passed and orders came for the Kalamazoo regiment to march at once for Niles. It met at Schoolcraft, organized, and started. Captain James Noyes of Gourdneck Prairie, and Ephraim Harrison of Prairie Ronde, were captains of the Prairie troops, and there were perhaps two other companies from the north part of the county. Thaddeus Smith went as sifer. Addison Smith had just been appointed Postmaster in place of Col. Fellows, so he was exempt. Peter Kniss and I occupied the same tent. One Thomas W. Merrill, had been occupying a room in our garret, and had a rifle there. He was away and I took the rifle, went to the blacksmith's shop and cast two or three pounds of bullets and was ready for Black Hawk. We went on and reached Niles the second day, and there received notice that the army under General Jacob Brown, was about to start, had no provisions to spare, and that we were not needed, and we were ordered to return home.

For this experience in war, besides a month's pay, I afterward received bounty warrants, first for 40 acres of land and then for 120 more. The last I exchanged for a gold watch; thus sacrificing to the sentimental what might have been a very pretty property. In coming home I rode part of the way in the baggage-wagon driven by Mr. John Howard of Dry Prairie, who drove an ox-team to haul cannon balls for Washington's army at the capture of Cornwallis.

I have omitted an event of prime importance to me, which occurred in the preceding winter. The lists of goods to be bought by James Smith, and sent on in the spring, had been made and

forwarded, both for the stores at Schoolcraft and Kalamazoo, and also for the new store I was to open somewhere. I had decided to go either to Comstock, a little east of Bronson, or to Sturgis in St. Joseph county. All at once it was suggested that I should buy Thaddeus Smith's interest in the business, and take his place in the firm.

I talked with him and he offered to take \$600 for his interest. I agreed to give it although I had not a dollar in the world. But Thaddeus had some village lots which had been given him by Lucius Lyon, and he wanted a house on them, which the company could build. The company also owned the West $\frac{1}{2}$ of the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 17, which Thaddeus would be glad to take in payment. It was so done. The house was built at a cost of \$200, and when James Smith came out in 1833, the deed of the land was made to Thaddeus, at \$400, the \$600 was charged to me and the transaction was complete. The firm name had been, and continued to be, Smith, Huston & Co.

In describing the land platted in the village of Schoolcraft, I omitted to say that there were two tiers of lots laid off the E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 19, of which all that part lying west of Center street was afterward vacated by order of the Circuit Court. During the winter of 1831-32, Stephen Vickery, who taught school at Insley's Corners, and Colonel Lyman L. Daniels, a lawyer from Canandaigua, N. Y., who afterward became prominent in the village and county, were frequently at the store, and I became well acquainted with them. Daniels was a jolly good fellow, and Vickery liked fun on occasion.

The Black Hawk War being prosperously ended, and emigration likely to

be large, we looked for prosperous times. But with the summer came the cholera, that dreadful plague, not well understood, and proving terribly fatal wherever it appeared. Emigration stopped short, and we plodded on, as best we might, till in the summer of 1833 came James Smith and family. My sister Pamela and A. H. Scott came with them; also John Smith, brother of James. I have said nothing of the sickness incidental to settling a new country. I will only say here that I had my share of fever and ague, and other forms of bilious disease. I will add, however, that when it was necessary to employ a doctor, we called in Dr. Nathan M. Thomas, who had settled on the west side of the prairie in 1830, and I recollect that on one occasion, when he had salivated me so that for several days I was unable to speak, and could swallow nothing but liquids, I made the first use of speech, in regard to the doctor, by pronouncing words not usually found in books for the instruction of youth.

James Smith having come all parties met together for a settlement. The firm of Smith, Huston & Co. was dissolved; Huston took the store and business at Bronson, and a new firm was formed at Schoolcraft—James Smith Jr., J. Addison Smith and E. Lakin Brown, being the partners, under the name of J. and J. A. Smith & Co. On settlement I was found to have cleared, after paying Thaddeus Smith, the sum of \$1,300, which now became my capital in the new firm. Early in the preceding spring we had begun building a new frame store, on the south-west corner of Center and Eliza streets. In the course of the summer it was completed and the goods moved into it. In 1834 John Dix, an old neigh-

bor of Smith at Cavendish, came on and took charge of the hotel, Johnson Patrick having moved to Bronson. After the loss of his first wife Dix went to Vermont in 1835 and married and brought to Michigan my sister Sally.

I omitted to say in the proper place, that when James Smith and family came West, my father's sister Hannah accompanied them as far as Ann Arbor to make her home with her brother Daniel, but she was taken ill and died in a few months. Aunt Hannah was a woman of no ordinary ability. A tailor-ess by trade, she went with Uncle Daniel when he went to Owego, and after a few years returned to Vermont, and worked at her trade, going from house to house; and many were the families whose men-folk wore no clothing for many a year except her make. She was always a welcome and honored guest, wherever she went. At length being unable to support herself, on account of a partial loss of sight, she came, as I have said, to make a home with her brother, upon whom she had some pecuniary claim.

In the winter of 1833-34 our firm were occasionally remitting sums of money by mail to the Bank of Michigan, at Detroit, and several packages had failed to be received. Addison Smith being Postmaster it was decided to mail a package and follow it up. Mr. E. H. Lothrop was sent for, and came to accompany him. They took a post-bag key, and at the first opportunity after passing an office, the mail-bag in the stage was opened and examined. All was right until at Jonesville, where they arrived about midnight, on opening the bag soon after leaving the hotel and postoffice, both kept by one Alexander Jones, the package was missing.

They returned and taxed Jones with

the theft, and the case was so plain that he owned up and said he had just paid the money to Judge Baxter. Baxter was found and with some reluctance he restored the money; but the theft of the former packages of course could not be proved. Jones was taken to Detroit, where the U. S. court was in session, and in a day or two he was convicted and sentenced. Not long after, by outside assistance, he broke jail, went to Texas, and took part with the revolutionists in freeing that state from Mexico.

In the fall of 1835 Addison Smith married Miss Sarah Proctor, daughter of John Proctor, of Proctorsville, Vermont. With them came her sister Isabel—a girl of twelve years. Addison had built a house on the north-west corner of Eliza and West streets. This house was afterward owned by Mr. Edward Robinson, and was burned.

There was now quite a pleasant circle of friends and acquaintances, mostly from Vermont, at Schoolcraft. Social parties were frequent, but the largest and jolliest gatherings were held at James Smith's, who occupied the old log store. He was hospitable to excess, and was delighted to have all the friends he could possibly accommodate at his home on all festive occasions. Asa B. Brown, who had married my sister Le-
phia in Vermont, ~~returned~~ *re-mo* to Schoolcraft in the spring of 1834 and bought a farm two miles north of the village. They were always present at the merry-makings. Thanksgiving Day, in the fall of 1835, was celebrated in the jolliest manner. As many as could get in the house were fed and feasted. I wrote a Thanksgiving Hymn for the occasion, which was uproariously sung to the tune of the Missionary Hymn, a young lady, Miss Maria Mathews, who

taught school or assisted my sister Betsey, as occasion required, being the most accomplished singer.

Business was good these days, and Schoolcraft being the chief mart of supplies for a large section of the country around, our trade was very large.

As I have already said, the first goods brought to Schoolcraft, were boated from St. Joseph up the St Joseph River to a point a little below Three Rivers. But the St Joseph was a river with a stiff current in many places and poling a boat up was a slow and laborious business. The Paw Paw River was narrow, crooked, and full of logs and obstructions, but mostly with depth of water enough, and but one rapids,—at what is now Watervliet. I think it was in the summer of 1834 that one Ackley made a keel boat and brought up a load of goods for our firm, on the Paw Paw. We bought the boat, and the latter part of November of that year, took a load of wheat in bulk to St. Joseph, and brought back goods. I went in charge of the affair, having John Smith, Ackley, the former owner of the boat, and four or five more hands. We worked our way down without much difficulty, though often obliged to get into the water and cut and remove logs and other obstructions. The river was in places so crooked that after poling the boat along for an hour or two, we would come close to the river at the point we had passed so long before. We were several days in reaching St. Joseph, where we unloaded our wheat and took on board a load of goods, the boat being loaded as deep as it was prudent to load it. The weather looked threatening, and although it was late in the afternoon the warehouseman warned us that we must get out

and across the flooded land at the mouth of the river, as, if a storm should arise, the boat could not live, tied up to the wharf. So we poled out, but the wind began to blow rather hard, the water was deep, and as the land was overflowed, it was almost impossible to keep in the channel. The men disagreed, everyone wanted his own way, and it seemed likely that we should be sunk. It began to grow dark and a violent snow storm set in. At the last moment when it would have been possible to do so, we reached the shelter of the bluff, and were past the threatening sea around us. We tied up to a tree and camped down, tired and wet, on the ground. When daylight came there was not less than a foot of snow upon the ground. We poled along very slowly until we reached the rapids at Watervliet, where the rapids were so strong that pole as we might, the boat would fall back all we could gain. But Delamore Duncan and Isaac Sumner were then building a mill on the rapids, so we called on them for assistance. Delamore took a yoke of oxen into the river, hitched to the boat, and driving up stream, pulled it up the rapids. We knocked out the head of a barrel of sugar, and paid for the help in the contents. We then continued our task, poling along until we reached the mouth of Brush Creek, a few miles below Paw Paw, the river above being unnavigable. We tied the boat up to a tree and walked home, having been gone two weeks, during which time we slept upon the bank of the river, without other cover than a blanket and without taking our clothes off during the time.

There the goods lay unguarded, until wagons could be sent down to haul them home. It was a solid wilderness

from Paw Paw to St. Joseph without clearing or house, except the works at Watervliet, just begun. I think it was in the June previous to this, that we had a large stock of goods of all kinds landed a little above, within a short distance of Paw Paw, and I went down to guard them, as they lay open on shore, until they could be hauled home. Heavy rain fell and injured some of the goods. Albert E. Bull had a lot of wheat in a log storage near the same place and a most unique character, by the name of Columbia Lancaster was there to shovel it over to prevent its heating. We boarded with an old man named Agard, who had two pretty daughters, with whom Lancaster had no end of fun. The old man played the fiddle, Lancaster caught fish, and upon the whole, we had a jolly time.

While upon the subject of river-boating, I may as well relate an adventure that happened upon the St. Joseph River, in 1834. Our firm had built a log storage for wheat upon the banks of the St. Joseph, at Three Rivers. We built an ark—a long flat-bottomed boat of planks,—and had it loaded with wheat, about 800 bushels. The crew, Mishael Beadle, captain, had got a barrel of whiskey just at the head of the rapids, called McIntaffer's Riffles, just below Three Rivers, and, to take on the whiskey, laid the ark up alongside the shore, and one man taking a stout rope that was fast to the stern end, jumped ashore and made fast to a tree. The ark in the strong current of the rapids, passed on, leaving the entire stern end of the ark fast to the rope. Of course the whole of the wheat was a total loss. Such were some of the disadvantages and losses attendant upon doing business in those days.

There was one element of the popu-

lation of this county of which I have not spoken, and which was not only picturesque and interesting, but was of some importance to the business of the early traders. When I came here the Indians were quite numerous and were frequent visitors to the store, for the purposes of trade. They came frequently in companies of a dozen or more, men, squaws, papooses and ponies; bringing furs, cranberries, venison and sugar, to exchange for calicoes, blankets, tobacco and whiskey. When they had received their annual payments from the government, they sometimes had considerable sums of money, always silver half dollars, which they paid for goods. The fur trade was of considerable value, especially at Bronson. We often collected many hundreds of skins—muskrat and coon, as well as many deer-skins—both dressed and undressed. Muskrats were almost always rated at 25 cents and coons at 37½. Sugar was brought in "mokuks," a basket or sack made of birch bark, holding 30 or 40 pounds, which the squaws carried on their ponies, one on each side, themselves riding astride.

The Indians were generally pleasant and peaceable enough, and honest in deal, frequently making little accounts which they scrupulously paid. But sometimes, when they got too much whiskey, they became turbulent, and though generally cowardly, were occasionally dangerous. On one occasion a drunken Indian entered the cabin of a settler, named Wisner, just south of the Prairie, and without provocation, struck the point of his hunting knife into Wisner's head, killing him instantly. They sometimes became troublesome and threatening when there were women only in the house. Just before we removed into the new store I remarked

to the senior partner that after we should get into the new store I did not mean to sell the Indians any more whiskey. "Sir," said he, "you will sell them whiskey." I replied that I had said that I would sell them no more after we got into the new store; I now say I will never sell them a drop from this time. And I never did. They soon ceased to trouble us, and in 1840 they were removed west of the Mississippi, by the government.

On the first day of January, 1836, Addison Smith and I decided to make a new arrangement if possible. The result was a dissolution of the firm, James Smith taking the store and business and assuming the liabilities. The settlement showed the sum of \$3,300 due to me, for which I took the hotel property at \$3,000, its estimated cost, and the E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 22, Prairie Bonde, at \$300. The firm had not long before purchased the mill power at Watervliet, on the Paw Paw, with considerable land attached, which was estimated at \$3,000, retained, I believe, by the two Smiths jointly, and which they sold shortly after to Jesse Smith, a wealthy operator of Jefferson county, N. Y., for \$6,000 cash.

The hotel had been rented for some time to John Dix for \$300 per year, and he continued to occupy it at the same terms for about two years longer, making money quite rapidly. Then he decided to have a hotel of his own; so he went to Three Rivers, and built the hotel long known as the Fisher House, and kept it a year or two when he died, March 6, 1843. John Dix was too long and intimately connected with all the Smiths and myself to be passed by without a word of special notice.

His early life was passed in Cavenish, a neighbor to the Smiths, for

whom he was always ready to do any service or favor. For several years he operated a little carding and cloth-dressing mill, at Smithville, as it was called, where the Smiths lived on Twenty-Mile Stream. He was much the same here; a good neighbor, friendly, helpful, reliable. He and I had much dealing together, I boarded at his hotel a good deal, and we had considerable real estate in common. Intemperate habits gradually produced a change; but he was liked as a landlord, and his death was much regretted. His affairs had become very much involved. Most of his real estate was mortgaged, and his debts were numerous. He owed nearly or quite all his property was worth.

Just previous to the close of the firm of J. & J. A. Smith & Co., the project was started to purchase in company with John H. Bowman of Three Rivers, the mill power and village site, of that place, then owned by one Schnable, of Philadelphia, and Bowman was deputed to go to Philadelphia and make the purchase. This he did. After the dissolution of the firm, a conference was held at Schoolcraft, to determine what should be done to improve the water power. The bargain was thought to be a very valuable one, and of course I had an interest in it. James Smith was in favor of proceeding at once to build a large flouring mill, with four run of stones. At that time labor and material were at the very highest point, and I objected and urged the erection of a mill of moderate dimensions with two run of stones. But James' view prevailed, Addison and Bowman concurring. I then said that, although I considered my interest a valuable one, I could not agree to the large outlay they proposed, and I would not stand in

their way, but would surrender my interest in the property. I need only say that the mill was built at an enormous cost, and was one of the causes that ruined all that were concerned in it.

In February of 1836 there had come to James Smith's an old neighbor of his from Cavendish, Vermont, Captain Abel Baldwin, who had been looking for a place to locate in Indiana, and had selected a point on the Salamonie River, a tributary of the Wabash. After making a brief visit and arrangements for raising a sum of money at the Bank of Michigan in Detroit, for the purpose of purchasing some government land, he proposed to return to the Salamonie, select his land and make his entries at the land office at Fort Wayne. He urged me most strenuously to go with him. Among other arguments to prove the great value of the point he had selected, he would take a map and show that a straight line from many important places in the country pointed directly to Salamonie;—as indeed it did, or to any other place. As I had nothing in particular to do, and would like to see the country, I agreed to go. John Smith, brother of James, living at Three Rivers, was to be married to Nancy Millard, on the 25th of February. So all the numerous friends at Schoolcraft were invited, and attended the wedding, and the next morning, James Smith and Bowman started for some place in Indiana, to engage a millwright to build the flouring-mill, and Baldwin and I accompanied them as far as the village of Goshen on our way to Salamonie. We all staid over one day at Goshen, where the county commissioners were to offer for sale certain village lots. Nothing would do but we must buy some of them, so we purchased eight or ten lots, deeded to us all in

common. After holding my interest in these lots for several years, and also a little fraction of land I bought on the Salamonie, I sold them for little over the original cost.

From Goshen, Baldwin and I continued our journey to the Salamonie. Having but one horse we "rode and tied." We stopped, however, several days in Noble county, exploring the country in various directions. At a place a few miles beyond Huntington, we passed the night in a log cabin, and taking a "corn dodger" in our pockets, started on foot, leaving the horse, as the route through the woods was impracticable for him.

It began to snow heavily immediately after we started, and continued all day. We soon left all sign of road or track, and took our course by pocket compass in a direction that Baldwin thought would strike the settlement of one Blount, the only settler near where Baldwin wished to locate. We kept on through a dense forest, the snow growing deeper and deeper.

Night approached, and no sign of a settlement; the dodger was all eaten by noon; it grew dusk and there was nothing for it but to lie down and wait for morning. I had in my pocket a few "lucifer matches," the recently invented first style of matches. They were fired by pinching them in a folded piece of sand-paper, and it was only a small per cent of them that would take fire. We prepared some fine shavings with a knife and I tried to light the matches one after another, till but one was left. Luckily that was a success and we made a fire by the side of a big log, and lay down in the snow by it. In the morning we trudged on, wet, cold, hungry, tired; and about eleven o'clock came out into a track that evidently led to some settler's cabin; but which

way, was the question. We turned to the left, and in half an hour or so, came to Blount's cabin.

I will not attempt to describe the squalid filth and dirt that covered everything about it. I was glad to throw myself on a something that answered for a bed, in the only room in the cabin, and was soon sound asleep. When I awoke the old rooster gave a little startled half-crow just over my head. The clothes on the bed could not be more filthy if drawn a half-mile in the prairie dirt. Dinner was prepared, side bacon and corn dodger, and after the meal the pigs were fed in the same skillet that fried the bacon.

Blount appeared to be a good-natured, friendly fellow, and seemed very glad to see Baldwin, who had been there before. We remained over one day, and started for home by way of Fort Wayne, where Baldwin expected to find the \$1,000 which he had sent for to Detroit by a man in White Pigeon named Brown, leaving word with Mr. Swan, a merchant in Pigeon, with whom the money was to be left by Brown when he returned, to be forwarded to Fort Wayne by any trusty person who should be going there. Pretty soon Brown came, (he had brought and delivered the money to Swan) and said he was going to Fort Wayne and would take it. Of course Swan thought the man Baldwin had engaged to bring the money from Detroit was a good man to take it to Fort Wayne.

Well, we arrived at Fort Wayne. We inquired of the landlord of the hotel where the money was to be left, and received reply that there was no money there for Baldwin. Further inquiry elicited the fact that a man named Brown had been there and inquired for Baldwin; that he staid awhile, then

bought a horse, saddle and bridle and left. That was the last ever heard of him. After coming to Schoolcraft, Baldwin started to find him, going to various places, including Montreal in Canada, where he heard of a new-comer, a shoemaker, Brown was a shoemaker named Brown. He got the sheriff and entered the shop, sure of his man, but as soon as he saw him he cried "Stop, Stop, that is not my man."

The money was never found and Baldwin returned to Vermont, where I visited him the next summer. He had two nice, marriageable girls. The next November or December he came with his family to Schoolcraft, and after staying some weeks, went to his new home on the Salamonie, where in a year or two he died. One of the girls spent the winter at Schoolcraft and her father came in the spring and took her home.

About the 6th of May, 1836, I left for a visit to my old home in Vermont. Dr. Nelson Carter had married my sister Marcia, and was a practicing physician, living near my father's. Their two children, Nelson and Addison, now merchants at Springfield and Chicopee, Mass., were then little lads.

After spending a few weeks at Plymouth and visiting various friends, my sister Pamela was then at home, having returned from Michigan in the fall of 1834. I returned home accompanied by Dr. Carter and Charles Deming, who had been for several years a merchant at the old store at the Notch. Dr. Carter went to Three Rivers and practiced medicine there until taken sick with the fever and ague, and my father having come to Schoolcraft in the fall, he returned home with him, and afterward settled in Bridgewater, where he died in April, 1844.

In the year 1836 the land fever was running high in Michigan. Everybody who could was buying wild land, money was plenty and speculation rampant. So I got of my father \$300 to be invested in Michigan government land. I also took of my brother Tom, \$100, to be invested for him. In the fall of that year the new Land Office was opened at Ionia, in Ionia county. I attended the sales at the opening, and purchased four eighties on Grand River in that county. The next year the tables were turned. The financial policy of the government brought on a general cataclysm. Thousands were ruined and it seemed as if the whole country was bankrupt. Thousands of purchases of government land were made in 1836 whose owners never paid the taxes on it, and it was sold for taxes and lost to them. I sold my brother's land after several years at a slight advance over cost and sent him the money. The other three lots were dickered away after awhile, and in the end I returned the \$300 to the estate, my father having died meantime. The affair was a loss to all parties.

Although the year 1837 was one of gloom and darkness to the country, yet to me it was one of the *anni mirabiles* of my life. In the fall of 1836 James Smith went East to buy goods, and when he returned he was accompanied by my father, who came to make a visit of a few weeks to his children at Schoolcraft, and with them also came a young lady, Miss Amelia W. Scott of Peterboro, N. H., a sister of A. H. Scott who had so long been in the family of James Smith and was now a clerk in his store. Amelia had just left school at Derry, N. H., and with the consent of her guardian, James Walker Esq., and also at the suggestion of her brother, William

Scott of Hillsboro, Ohio, she came to Schoolcraft, to make her home with her brother in the family of James Smith, until some more desirable arrangements could be made for her. An immediate acquaintance sprang up of course, as she was a member of my sister's family and her brother had long been my intimate friend. An attachment followed, and the fifth day of January, 1837, we were married, and she was the light and joy of my life until her early death in 1848. We boarded at the Big Island Hotel—John Dix, landlord—until about the first of May, when we began house-keeping in the house then owned by me and afterward owned and occupied by Mrs. Dix. In the fall I built a little cottage, part of my present house, and we moved into it at the end of December.

There will be no better place to give the sequel of my hotel property. John Dix left it the last of December, 1837. I rented to several persons, one after the other, who all failed to make a success. I received little or no rents, and finally it ceased to be occupied as a hotel, and was used as a temporary residence for families. At length I made a contract of sale with one Messenger, who had lived in it about a month when it took fire and burned up. As the doors and windows were nearly all saved, Messenger thought that with some pecuniary help he could rebuild the main part of it, and still go on and pay for it. It was so done. I advanced cash when necessary, and Messenger being a carpenter, a building was put up. Messenger occupied it awhile and quit. It stood unoccupied for some time and I eventually exchanged it with one Porter Eldred for a small farm a few miles east of Galesburg, and in a year or two sold the farm for about \$1,400. I had paid Eldred in the ex-

change, in money, I think a little over \$200. The cause for the reduced, or rather the destroyed value of the hotel property, was the taking up of the highway from Center street, south, and opening one on the quarter line. This rendered all the outlay for hotel and stores on Center street, valueless. The history of this transaction is long and vexatious, but it is useless to narrate it here.

In March, 1837, Mr. William Smith of Cavendish, Vermont, brother of James and Addison, with Mr. Sumner Webber, a former townsman of theirs, were at Schoolcraft. Mr. Delamore Duncan and his father had gone to Iowa, and bought property on the Des Moines River, at a place where, I think, is now the village of Keosauque. Smith and Webber decided to go out there and see the country and perhaps purchase. They wished me to go with them, which I did, as did also a Mr. Winslow, a merchant of Kalamazoo. We went on horseback. At LaPorte, Indiana, we spent the night with Mr. Ezekiel Morrison, an old friend and relative from the East. Leaving LaPorte, we passed through Joliet, Illinois, then a little village, and struck directly across the state of Illinois, reaching the Mississippi opposite Burlington. The route through Illinois was one vast stretch of prairie, with here and there a little village, the settlers few and far between, scarcely a stream bridged, wide sloughs, as they were called, to be waded through. After crossing one of these sloughs, Winslow's horse was found to have cut his leg near the fetlock joint so as to entirely cripple it. There was doubtless some sharp instrument sunk deep in the mud of the slough. There being a settler near, he left the horse and bought another. We crossed the Mis-

issippi on a ferry boat and landing at Burlington, Iowa, went to the office of Mr. Anson Burlingame, a young lawyer, formerly a ward of James Walker Esq. of Peterboro, N. H., and afterward United States Senator and Minister to China. He was, while in Peterboro, an intimate friend and acquaintance of Amelia Scott, who became my wife. We had a very pleasant visit with Burlingame, and were treated with maple sugar, which he said was the strongest article he allowed himself to offer his guests.

The first night after leaving Burlington, we passed with a Mr. Fox, an emigrant from Peterboro, who had settled on Skunk River, and whose wife was, I believe, related to the Smiths and also to the Scotts. From there we went directly west to the bend in the Des Moines River, where our friends, the Duncans were found, busy as Dido at Carthage, laying the foundations of a city. The new settlement under the auspices of the Duncans, consisted of one little log cabin, which barely served to accommodate them and such help as they had.

A man named Wetherbee was joint owner with the Duncans. We found lodgings with a family from Missouri named Purdham. Purdham was a true type of the southern frontiersman, ignorant, honest and self-important. He had a double cabin, or rather two cabins separated by a space of a few feet, one devoted mainly to cooking purposes, and the other the living house. He had three or four tall, well-grown daughters, whom he would not allow to marry, because there was no blood equal to the Purdham blood.

I heard some time afterward that one of them, venturing to risk a union of blood other than Purdham, escaped

from the paternal control, and going down the river in the night in a canoe, was made one with some common, and inferior mortal.

We remained several days, exploring the country in the vicinity and especially examining the property of Duncan & Co.

This embraced a large part of the sharp oxbow bend of the Des Moines River, a level tract thirty or forty feet lower than the surrounding prairie, and heavily timbered with oak, maple, black-walnut and other forest timber. The bend of the river was rapids, so that by a cut across and a dam, a fine water-power would be developed. As Wetherbee offered to sell his interest and the Duncans were anxious we should buy, we finally bought out Wetherbee. I do not remember the price, but I think it was somewhere between one and two thousand dollars. I am not certain if Winslow had a share, but Smith, Webber and I did, and I represented also John Dix, for the funds I had were joint funds with him.

The Duncans were to stay and improve the property. The amount of land was at least one section, perhaps more, I do not remember. A dam and canal were to be made, a mill built, etc.

I have said elsewhere what happened in 1837. We had repeated calls for assessments or payments for the work, and Dix and I forwarded the cash two or three times, but at last the condition of things was such that further advances became impossible, and we eventually sold our interest to Delamore Duncan and received in payment a quantity of wild land in the "west-woods" in Prairie Ronde township. In returning home Webber and Winslow, for some reason, took a different route from Smith and myself. We kept up

the west side of the Mississippi as far as Davenport, where we took dinner at a hotel kept by my old acquaintance, Titus Bronson, formerly the proprietor of the village of Bronson. He had sold his interest there to General Burdick and others who proceeded to substitute the name Kalamazoo for Bronson; whereat the irate Bronson declared he would not live there, so went West, and here he was keeping hotel at Davenport. A most droll and original genius was Bronson. He hated rum and all its works. He had a quick, sharp way of speaking, often repeating a word or short sentence rapidly. While we were at dinner he told me that Col. Daniels was dead. Col. Daniels was an early and prominent settler at Schoolcraft. He had acquired a property at Dubuque, Iowa, and was out there when he died. I was quite shocked to learn of his sudden and unexpected death.

We crossed the river at Rock Island, and across the country to Chicago. We staid one night not far from Prophets-town, and were directed to take a course easterly till we came to the "lone tree," and then go so and so. We went as directed, and soon the track, faint at first, gradually disappeared altogether, and we rode until nearly sundown without seeing man or beast, cabin or track of any kind; nothing but the wide trackless prairie, frequently wading wide and deep sloughs, until it seemed there was no end to the wilderness of prairie. Just at sundown, we came to a well travelled road running straight north and south, and some horsemen coming along soon, said the road north led directly to Dixon's Ferry, on the Rock River, where we arrived just at dark, tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since an early breakfast. Chicago, when we arrived there, presented

an odd appearance. It appeared to be a thriving, active little place, made up of all sorts of buildings, the most of them originally built on the natural, level, low ground; but now being graded up, not in regular order, but everyone as he pleased, raising his own building and grading the street up to it; so that you passed along the sidewalk, now down at the original level, then up steps four or five feet, past a building or two, and then down again and so on, on all of the principal streets. A dirty, muddy, uncomfortable place it seemed. We started the next morning around the head of the lake, riding mostly on the lake beach. We staid one night at a log cabin near the south end or head of the lake, and so by Michigan City and New Buffalo home to Schoolcraft.

There was initiated in this summer of 1837, a new business, which was destined to continue for eleven years. As I have said, A. H. Scott was clerk in the store of James Smith, who had largely increased his stock, enlarged his store room by an additional story and a long extension, was making bricks, conducting blacksmithing, cooperage, etc. I had purchased the store built, and for several years occupied by Albert E. Bull, just across the street east from the old store. Scott and I decided to open store there. We had but little cash capital, but borrowed a few hundred dollars, and Scott went to New York and bought a fair stock of goods. This was just as the great break-up in business and credit in New York and the country generally had occurred. It was a most difficult and disastrous time to go into business.

This year also, the system of Wild Cat Banks came into operation. The legislature had passed a law authorizing any company of persons to organize a

banking institution, and issue Bank Notes, founded upon mortgages of real estate a certain amount of specie to be paid in instalments. Banks were established all over the state. Almost every little village had its bank, and soon there was little other money in circulation than the money of these banks.

In the latter part of the year a bank was organized at Schoolcraft, called The Farmers' Bank of Prairie Ronde. The necessary amount of stock was subscribed, and the requisite ten per cent was paid in. Smith, French & Co., a new firm consisting of James Smith, Robert French, Samuel P. Cobb and John Parker were the largest stockholders. Brown & Scott had some shares and the farmers on the Prairie were many of them stockholders. When the election for officers occurred I was elected president, greatly to the disgust of Smith, French & Co., who had confidently counted upon one of their firm holding that office, and, in fact, upon controlling the business. Smith, who was a director, promptly sent in his resignation, and the firm, in whose store the money was deposited, withdrew the money they had deposited on their shares. I wrote Smith a polite note, regretting the withdrawal of a man of his ability and experience from the management of the bank, and of the important aid of the firm from its resources. Smith read the note, and remarked with evident pleasure:—"That's done up in Lake's usual style."

So the thing stood for a while. But it was evident that if the bank was to go on, it must have the co-operation of the important firm of Smith, French & Co. Accordingly at the next meeting of the stockholders I resigned, and James Smith was elected president, and

I cashier.

Everything now being lovely, the business proceeded. H. G. Wells, a young lawyer who had been established at Schoolcraft for some time, was dispatched to New York to procure the engraved bills; the necessary furniture was purchased and soon everything was in readiness to issue bank-notes to anybody that wanted to borrow.

But, by this time the wild cat banks were failing all about. Nobody knew what money was good and what was not. Whenever any move was made towards opening the bank and issuing money, I resisted, and insisted on waiting to see what the outcome of it all would be, and refused to sign the notes. And the outcome was that the whole system went by the board. Wild cat money was everywhere refused; the banks were placed in the hands of receivers, who never got more out of them than to pay their own expenses. After a while the cash in the Farmers' Bank of Prairie Ronde was distributed to the stockholders, less expenses incurred, and the thing was ended. E. H. Lothrop, who for years had been the regular Democratic representative in the legislature, used to boast, after the bank law was enacted, that he was the father of the law. I do not remember to have heard him renew the boast after the cataclysm.

I am not writing the incidents of any one's life but my own; but my long connection and relationship with James Smith make it proper that I should give a brief sketch of the close of his career. His connection with French and others lasted but a year or two, when a dissolution took place, Smith resuming the business and assuming the debts. He claimed that his partners had wronged him and endeavored

to get legal redress. But the lawyers to whom he applied were unwilling to undertake the case, and nothing was done. He continued to conduct a large and ill-managed business. He bought a schooner of one Jones of Detroit, determined to do his own shipping on the lakes. He shipped one stock of goods to St. Joseph, had the captain and crew at his house in Schoolcraft all the next winter, and whether the vessel was lost or laid up and rotted, I do not remember, but at any rate it was a dead loss. He made a contract with one William Lee of Buffalo, to deliver a large quantity of wheat or flour, I forget which, and being unable to fulfil, gave security, and the security being called on by Lee, he assigned or sold them his large stock of goods. The security were E. H. Lothrop, Thaddeus Smith, H. B. Huston and John Dix. They took possession and that closed James Smith's business life.

The mill at Three Rivers had also been a loss. After the death of his wife, which occurred May 11, 1841, after a long period of declining health, Smith continued to live with his children in the old log house until February 4, 1842, when he died, every dollar of his property mortgaged and held in some form to pay his debts, which were never all paid.

With some faults of character, and habits that were fatal to success, James Smith was in many ways a rare man. His sense of mercantile honor was of the highest kind. When his affairs were evidently in a desperate condition and ruin fast approaching, H. G. Wells said to him one day: "Smith, do not you think it is your duty to make some arrangement to secure some property to your family? You cannot but see that everything will be lost before long."

"Sir," said Smith, with a look of scorn, and pointing to him with his finger, "never presume to suggest such a thing as that to me again. Every dollar that I have belongs to my creditors, and they shall have it to the last cent."

In the year 1837 several accessions were made to the settlement at Schoolcraft, of people from the East.

James and Hale Bates with their families came from Cavendish, Vermont. Captain James Bates had four sons, the oldest of whom, James H., was a lad of about twelve years at the time of his arrival in Schoolcraft. It was in the destinies that James should grow up a farmer boy, scholarly and book-loving; become my kind and sympathizing friend in bereavement, and after some years of rather fruitless endeavor in this Western land go to seek his fortune in the East and find it there. He has long been known as an intelligent, wealthy and honored gentleman, living in fine style in Brooklyn, and doing business—an Advertising Agency—in the city of New York. Several years ago he bought the paternal home in Cavendish, Vermont, and at large expense has adorned and improved it, making it a summer residence for himself and family. Our friendship and intercourse have never been interrupted.

This year also came Jonas Allen and family; a most valuable addition to the business and social elements of our community. Also John A. Lefferts, from the city of New York, was for several years prominent in social circles.

During these latter years the ferment of a political revolution was working that was soon to cast headlong from power those who had ruled the country with an arbitrary and overbearing hand.

In 1840 came the great contest between the Whigs and the Democrats, with William Henry Harrison and Martin VanBuren as candidates for the Presidency. I took an active and ardent part in the contest in this county. I wrote articles, and made speeches, and, alone, held a public debate on the political questions with E. H. Lothrop and his brother, George VanNess Lothrop, a young lawyer, who had recently come from Massachusetts, now for a long time a leading lawyer and politician in Detroit, and lately minister to Russia in the administration of President Cleveland.

Michigan was admitted into the Union in 1837, and I had been elected a member of the board of county commissioners in 1838, a board of three who transacted the county business in lieu of a board of township supervisors. They held their office for three years. In 1840 the supervisor system was adopted. In the fall of 1840 I was elected a member of the House of Representatives over E. H. Lothrop, Democrat. The legislature met at Detroit. In organizing the House, a novel and most important question arose for discussion.

But the story of the legislature must wait. There are events of a personal nature, the narration of which it is not seemly longer to postpone.

My father had been troubled for some years with an affection of the throat, which at length was found on examination to be caused by a polypus. He applied to the ablest surgeons and had the growth removed two or three times, but still it continued to grow and fill his throat nearly to suffocation. In the spring of 1839 I learned that if ever I was to see him alive I must not long delay going to him. So, about the

6th of May I left for Vermont. It was a sad visit, and necessarily a brief one. In a few days after my return, Amelia, my wife, gave birth to a son, who breathed but an hour or two, and was gone. My father continued to linger until the 14th day of August, when he sank peacefully to rest.

In November, 1839, my sister Pamela came from Vermont, where she had returned in 1834 and had been with my father during his long illness.

With her arrived Mills N. Duncan and family. Mr. Duncan was prominent in business, first at Three Rivers, and afterward at Schoolcraft. Pamela lived with me and taught a school in the village. During the winter a renewal of an attachment took place between her and Dr. Nathan M. Thomas, which had existed before she left for the East, and on March 17, 1840, they were married. Dr. Thomas became too well known during his long residence in Schoolcraft as a kind and sympathizing physician, a constant friend, an ardent politician when a philanthropic end was to be attained, and a successful business man, to need further mention from me.

I will return now to the legislature. An old, retired lawyer-farmer, Joseph Miller of Richland, originally from Connecticut, had been elected my colleague in this county, and Dr. David E. Deming of Cooper, had been elected to the Senate. John Dix took me in a sleigh to the residence of Mr. Miller, where I staid over night, and the next day his son, Eli Miller, started with us for Ann Arbor, where we arrived at night the second day. The Central R. R., as yet owned and built by the state, was finished—old fashioned strap rail—as far as Ann Arbor, and we took the cars for Detroit. My cousin, Daniel B.

Brown, was the Captain, as the conductor was then called. There was snow enough for good sleighing, although not very deep, and drifted some, so that the light engine then in use was unable to go through until the drifts were all shoveled away; so there was constant stopping and shoveling, and we did not arrive in Detroit until late in the afternoon.

When the legislature met, January 4, 1841, this was the condition of things that raised the question to which I have alluded. The county of Wayne was entitled to seven Representatives, and although the state had gone Whig by a large majority, yet the county of Wayne was Democratic by a slight majority, and if the Whig representatives were elected in Wayne county, the legislature would be Whig by a fair majority, but if the Democrats were elected, then the legislature would be Democratic by two or three majority. Not only the usual party questions were in issue, but a United States Senator was to be elected. The township of Hamtramck, in the county of Wayne, gave, on the general ticket about 130 Democratic majority, which, if given to the Democrats would elect their legislative ticket by a small majority; without it, the Whigs were elected. At the close of the polls the election board was in high glee, and full of whiskey, and they decided to postpone the canvas to the next day, and to another place. So they put the election boxes into a cart, got in, and started off at a rattling gait, till they arrived at a drinking place by the wayside, and went in and refreshed themselves. In the morning, when they were prepared to count the votes, the cart was found to have lost out the tail board, and the representative box was missing. On further search, the box

was found in the road, smashed into bits by passing teams, and the ballots scattered and beaten into the mud, so as to render a count impossible. The township board returned these facts substantially, to the board of county canvassers, and that board to the state without giving certificates to any. This was the state of the facts on which the legislature was to decide whether anybody had been elected, and if so, who. These facts were well known throughout the state, and had caused much anxiety and comment among the parties. The Whigs in the legislature immediately met in caucus upon the matter, but there was much difference of opinion, and nothing definite was arrived at.

When the House met it was the first matter taken up, and after much discussion, before the election of a Speaker, a resolution was passed admitting the Whig members, subject to the further action of the House, in case there were contestants.

Philo C. Fuller of Monroe, was elected Speaker, and in constituting the committees I was made chairman of the committee on elections. I was, I believe, the youngest member in the House, and it was my first term in any legislative assembly.

Why I was placed in so important a position, considering the questions at issue, I do not know.

When the matter of which I have spoken came up again, it was after much wrangling and violent discussion, referred to the committee on elections. The committee had several sittings, and heard all the testimony they thought pertinent, and one evening in my room at the National Hotel, in the presence of Dr. Deming I wrote the report confirming the Whig members

in their seats, which was at once adopted by the Whig members of the committee without the slightest change, at their next meeting, and being reported in the House was, after discussion, adopted by the unanimous vote of the Whigs and opposed by the Democrats.

The report, however, was generally commended, and it soon began to be noised about that Jacob M. Howard had written it, although I had not seen him since the session opened. A quietus was soon put to the story by the statement of Senator Deming that he saw me write it. The report is to be found on page 43 of House Documents of 1841, which I have in my possession.

I got a good deal of credit for the report, and not long after, when the judiciary committee asked for two additional members, because of the large amount of business, C. I. Walker, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, was appointed one of these members and I the other.

Among the members of the House at the session of 1841, were many able men of both parties. On the part of the Whigs, Philo C. Fuller, the Speaker, was a very clear headed, strong man. On the 3rd of April, having received the appointment of second assistant Post Master General, he tendered his resignation, and John Biddle was elected in his place. Mr. Biddle was a fine, scholarly gentleman of the old school. He was not specially eloquent, but was a good forcible speaker, and always illuminated the subject under discussion. He was a brother of Nicholas Biddle, President of the old Bank of the United States.

Grove Spencer of Washtenaw, was a sound, able man. He was chairman of the judiciary committee. Mr. Harding, also upon the committee, was from

Boston; a very pleasant, gentlemanly, well informed, modest man. Ira Porter of St. Clair, was also a sound, good member. But the most original character in the House was Nathan Pierce of Washtenaw. He was familiarly known as "Old Boots," a cognomen he had got because of his wearing on all occasions a pair of long, thick, heavy, cowhide boots. He always went to and from the legislature on foot. He was a strong Whig, but would oppose any measure, no matter where it originated, which he thought involved improper expenditure, or indicated a job of any kind.

He spoke in measured and strong words, and his constant expression was, "I am not willing that gentlemen should make money out of legal enactments."

On the part of the Democrats, as they long held the majority in the legislature, there were more experienced and practiced members. Among the ablest of these were Kingsley S. Bingham and Charles G. Hammond, and, at an interval, C. I. Walker and O. D. Richardson. There were others who were ready and incisive speakers, but of no very great weight.

In the Senate were some able men in both parties. John S. Barry of Constantine, was a leading Senator, a gruff, incisive man, and a most bitter partisan. I remember being in the parlor of the National Hotel, the evening after an order had been sent out requiring members to wear crape for thirty days after the death of President Harrison. Senator Barry and several other members of the legislature were present, and the conversation was naturally upon the sudden death of the President. Barry spoke most bitterly of him, and with an oath, tore off the crape badge which the clerk had tied upon his arm,

and stamped upon it.

John J. Adam of Lenawee, was a young man, clear headed and able. He was a Scotchman, and in his youth a schoolmate of Gladstone. Of the Whigs, Thomas J. Drake was President of the Senate. Senators Gidley and Bridge, I remember as capable Senators. Dr. Deming from this county, was a good-natured, well-meaning man and a pleasant companion. James Wright Gordon was from Calhoun county, and he was destined to a most unpleasant political experience. A United States Senator was to be elected, and as the Whigs had a fair majority, it was considered that a nomination in caucus was equivalent to an election. When the caucus was held, Gordon, after considerable opposition, received the nomination. Of course, jollification was in order. Gordon gave a supper, at large cost, to all the members and friends. But when the election was held, the Democrats, finding that by uniting with the most bitter of Gordon's Whig opposers, they could elect Governor Woodbridge, although he was one of the ablest and most uncompromising Whigs in the state, they did so, and the governor was elected. Gordon was a genial and an able man and a good speaker. The disappointment and mortification of his defeat, completely broke him down. He soon left the state, went West, and died.

At this session the judiciary committee of the House, prepared and reported a complete justice's act, which became a law. A special committee was also appointed to investigate and report upon the affairs and condition of the Bank of Michigan, an old and hitherto wealthy institution, but which, in common with nearly all the banks in the land, had ceased to pay specie,

and its notes were falling into discredit. Of this committee I was a member. In consequence of previous mismanagement all the money systems of the country were falling into ruin. The death of President Harrison and the defection of President Tyler, with the change of politics that ensued, put an end to all remedial measures that the Whigs had proposed and were about to inaugurate. For years the country was destitute of a currency not subject to large discount, uncertainty and loss. Then followed the Mexican War, constant contention with the South, the Kansas contest and local civil war, and finally the formation of the Republican party, its national triumph, the rebellion and the great Civil War. After the establishment of peace, a financial and economical policy was inaugurated and sustained which has been the wonder and admiration of the world.

Through all these things I have lived to share the evil and the good, the losses and the benefits, the disasters and the triumphs, doing what I could for the right.

And now I have to detail through this series of years the happenings of my individual fortunes.

When I returned home at the close of the session, about the middle of April, I found my dear wife the happy mother of a healthy and promising boy, born the 21st of February. He was named Lakin.

When I left for Detroit, there had been living with us for several months, a young lad, son of John Scott of Detroit, my wife's uncle. Scott was a widower, with two sons, John and James. Scott was one of the democratic claimants of seats in the legislature, on whose claims I reported adversely. Young John was a beautiful

boy of 12 or 14 years. When I came home I found him sick with rheumatism of the heart. His father was sent for, and came and remained until after the death of his son,—a loss that affected us all deeply.

It is not necessary that I should give a detailed history of our fortunes while my brother-in-law, Hamilton Scott, and I were in partnership. We were subject to constant losses which could be endured only by the high prices at which goods were sold. When I was in Detroit, the notes of the Bank of Michigan having become of doubtful value, wild cat issues valueless, and other money either scarce or worse than the old bank's notes, I wrote to Scott, advising him to take all he could get and send them to me. Accordingly I received from him a considerable sum, which I took to the bank, and procured drafts on New York, which I forwarded to our creditors. These were either received at a large discount or returned to us. When the bank went into insolvency and wound up its affairs, we received from it notes and mortgages to the amount of our loss. A principal claim was on a farm near Kalamazoo. I went to see the man, and received a deed for part of the property, which after holding a while we sold to Cock & Thomas of Kalamazoo, at a considerable advance on cost, they having discovered a marl bed on the property.

One year we bought pork, barreled it and hauled it to Three Rivers, from whence it was shipped in arks, down the St. Joe, and then around the lakes to New York. The charges just equalled the sales so the whole was a total loss.

As the result of a new bankrupt law we had the pleasure of receiving daily

noticees of the bankruptcy of our debtors. We bought 80 acres of land of Benjamin Taylor Jr. and raised wheat on it and soon after our dissolution of partnership sold the land to Willis Judson at some advance. We rented the James Smith farm, which I now own, and raised wheat on it—one year with great success, having a very large crop. We hauled it to Paw Paw, had it floured and boated down the Paw Paw River and to New York. Prices were low and profits light but better than the goods business. And so we went on, not very successfully, but making a little profit every year.

In the latter part of the year 1847, I purchased of one Dwight of Geneva, N. Y., through his agents, Joy and Porter of Detroit, the old Smith farm and store and lots. Partly in consequence of this it was thought best that the firm of Brown & Scott should be dissolved. The dissolution took place January 1, 1848, Scott continuing in the business, and I becoming a farmer.

I have passed unmentioned some events that occurred in the passing years. Between the years 1842 and 1846, Hiram Moore of Climax, had invented and brought to perfection his great Harvester, which at first cut and threshed the wheat, and delivered it in boxes in the chaff, but eventually Moore added a cleaning machine, so that it was delivered in bags, in much the condition that threshers do now. Brown & Scott had most of the wheat they raised harvested with this machine. Moore came to Schoolcraft and lived for some time in the house formerly occupied by J. A. Smith. Moore was a very ingenious man, and a most genial and entertaining companion, and we were very cordial friends, spending much time together. He was

a very warm partisan of Jackson and an uncompromising Democrat.

There are persons and families whose names have not appeared in this running sketch of events, who have been too important factors in business or social life to be omitted. Mr. E. B. Dyckman married the widow of Col. L. I. Daniels a few years after the Colonel's death, and with a large family of children came to the Daniels' homestead in Schoolcraft, where he resided until his death a few years since. His wife lived but a few years, leaving him a daughter, now Mrs. McCartney of Denver, Col. He was again married, and the widow is still a resident of Schoolcraft.

Mr. Dyckman was an active business man of large wealth, and his family was prominent in all social affairs. His son, A. S. Dyckman, has always been a warm friend of mine. He has long lived at South Haven, engaged in the fruit growing business. Within the current year, 1891, he has published a beautiful little poem, "The Light of Life," a most unique and delightful little book.

Of Thaddeus Smith and his admirable wife, although they have been mentioned in the course of the narrative, yet such mention is quite inadequate to their deserts. Thaddeus was a most kind neighbor and fast friend. He was for many years a justice of the peace, doing nearly all the business in that line, and filling the office very acceptably. His son Henry is a respected citizen, living in the old homestead, and his daughters, Mrs. Pursel and Mrs. Wheeler, both widows, are our very dear friends.

Our well-known citizen, M. R. Cobb, came to Schoolcraft in 1837. His brother Samuel P. had come earlier, but be-

fore many years he removed to Kalamazoo. Their father, Dr. Moses Cobb and family arrived from Springfield, Vt., in 1845 and resided in the house built and occupied by Addison Smith who had removed to Vermont.

During all these early years I practiced land surveying more or less, running the division lines of farms and the lines of public highways. In the fall of 1832 I surveyed a road from Dry Prairie to Climax; Aaron Burson, Judge Bazel Harrison and John Perrine, commissioners. We stopped at Climax with a Mr. Dodge, well known afterwards as landlord at Paw Paw. When the surveys were finished Perrine and I walked home by the Indian trail from Climax to Gourd Neck. There was no settlement on the route. We got a late dinner at the cabin of James Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong was a tall, muscular woman, to whom the toils of pioneer life were as nothing. It was said she could stand on a large log and chop it off as quickly as any man. In the summer of 1833, soon after the arrival at Schoolcraft of James Smith, I went with Colonel Daniels to Paw Paw and made a survey of the outlines of the intended village. We stopped at the cabin of Rodney Hinckley, so far as I remember, the only cabin on or near the site. After returning I made a map of the village under Daniels' direction, which was beautifully lettered by my sister, Mrs. Smith, in imitation type. After the company had acquired the property at Three Rivers, I surveyed and mapped the village.

In the summer of 1837, an act having been passed for the laying a state road from Schoolcraft to St. Joseph, and Dr. N. M. Thomas, Albert E. Bull and Alexander Copley having been appointed commissioners to locate it, I

was called upon to survey it. As St. Joseph lies directly west of this place, we began on Eliza street and kept as near the section line as the ground would permit. After leaving the prairie it was thick woods, for many miles without a settler. We had intended to reach the cabin of Abner Mack, on the border of Mack's Lake, the first night. The route was swampy and difficult, and before night it began to rain violently, with thunder and lightning, and soon it was so dark that the compass could not be used. By the aid of a torch to take a slight observation, we managed to keep the general direction, and late in the night came out to the north and south road leading by Mack's, and finally arrived at his cabin. Next day we went back and resumed the line, and continued west until we struck the Territorial Road leading from Kalamazoo to St. Joseph. From that point we merged our survey in that road, going on however, to the end of the line. Our road lay through a great swamp in VanBuren county, and was not opened for many years.

It will not be without interest to say that in all my surveys, the compass I used was what is called a semicircle, in which the degrees, instead of counting from North to South, to the extent of 90 degrees East or West, necessarily counted but 45 degrees, and so, of course, East and West were made points to count from as well as North and South. Thus, if a course which on a common round compass, would read:—North 65 degrees West, it would read and be entered in my survey:—West 25 degrees North; and so in all cases. This will explain that unusual form of entry in all my surveys.

To resume the broken thread of my story. On the 14th of June, 1842, occur-

red a most melancholy accident. My wife and sister Pamela, with the little boy Lakin, went for a visit to the house of Mr. Wilbur, about two miles east of the village. While there the ladies all went out a little way to pick native strawberries, and the little boy, unobserved, found a plate in which was sweetened cobalt, prepared to kill flies. Of this he ate, and his mother soon noticed that he was sick, and found the cobalt with the marks of his little fingers in it. I was sent for, and sending word at once to Dr. Jesse Thomas, I went immediately. But the poison had done its deadly work, and in a few hours we brought the little lifeless body to our now desolate home. Such was the early death of as bright and intelligent a child as ever gladdened his parents' hearts. My wife was long in recovering from the shock. Her health seemed permanently impaired. In December of that year her brother William of Hillsboro, Ohio, made us a visit. He was building a very fine residence, and was soon to be married, and he wished Amelia to go home with him and assist and advise about furniture and arrangements. But in the precarious state of her health it was not thought best for her to go.

On the 23rd day of April, 1844, a little girl was born to us whom we named Amelia Ada. She was a sickly, delicate child, but afterwards attained a fair degree of health. She still lives with me and is a comfort in my old age.

On the first day of June, 1846, was born a son, Edward Lakin, a fine healthy, beautiful boy. Alas! that I should have to record his early death!

In the spring of 1848, my wife's health, which had seemed entirely restored, became very delicate. A cold was follow-

ed by a general decline in health. Mr. Jonas Allen and Mr. Mills N. Duncan and families were going East, and it was thought advisable for Amelia to take the opportunity to visit her old home and friends as the most likely chance of recovery. She took Ada and went to New Hampshire, spending a pleasant summer with relatives and friends so far as declining health would admit of its being pleasant.

But in the meantime a great grief had come to me at home. Edward Lakin, our bright and beautiful boy, was found one day limp and helpless. After a while he came out of his almost deathly sickness, and I hoped for a perfect recovery. But although he went about seeming pretty well, he was never seen to laugh, although naturally, he was full of fun and laughter. In a week or two he gradually sickened, and died on the 3rd of July. The cause of his sickness and death was no doubt as follows:— There was living in the old log house near by, a man by the name of Reese, who smoked incessantly, a little, short, black pipe. He would often get the boy into the house to amuse him, and I learned afterwards that he would put the old pipe into the boy's mouth and endeavor to make him smoke. The child was simply poisoned with nicotine.

In these trying scenes I was alone in the house much of the time, with the boy in his cradle and I watching by his side.

Helen Smith, a girl of sixteen, was all the help there was in the house. She slept at her mother's and came and got the meals, etc. When the final sickness came her mother, cousin Eliza Smith, did all she could. My sister Pamela was lame and unable to come to help me.

After the little boy's death the reports concerning my wife's health grew more and more unfavorable, and on the 9th of August I started to go to her at Peterboro. It was evident that consumption had its ruthless hold upon her and that recovery was hopeless. But she was as bright and cheerful as ever, sitting up most of the time and conversing with her usual interest and animation. Once she said to me, being aware of her approaching end, "I shall not live to enjoy that beautiful farm with you Lakin; but if I have got to die, I mean to die like a woman and not make a fuss about it!"

After several weeks spent in visiting in New Hampshire and Vermont, we started for home, stopping a week in Western New York with Amelia's aunt, Mrs. Maxfield. We reached Kalamazoo at night and knowing that the house would be shut up and in no condition for an invalid to go into, I asked a young man who was going to Schoolcraft that evening to go and inform Mrs. Thaddeus Smith of our arrival, knowing that she would see that suitable preparations were made. He promised that he would certainly do so, but did not. When we arrived we found a house damp and musty from being long closed. The dining-room had been made a store-room for apples in my absence, and they were fast decaying. Of course, the atmosphere was most unfavorable for a sick person.

There was no help to be procured near at hand and I finally wrote to Phebe Atkins,—of whom I will say more soon,—who was living with her father in Van Buren Co. In two or three days she came and I will not say how gladly she was welcomed. Amelia continued to grow weaker, and soon was unable to leave her bed, and

on the 9th of October, 1848, two weeks after her arrival home, she breathed her last. She had been mine—a beam of light, a pleasant song—and now was not.

When Ada was an infant—possibly before her birth, I do not remember, Phebe Atkins came to live with us awhile. Her father then lived in the old log store on the farm. Phebe was a young girl of most unique and striking appearance. Nearly or quite six feet tall, angular, long-armed and with a foot that required a man's number ten shoe, she seemed about the least fitted for a nurse for a delicate woman or a little feeble baby that could well be imagined. And yet no more tender, no gentler or more affectionate nurse could be found anywhere. After Amelia's death she continued to live with me through the four years of my widower's life, the carer for the helpless child, and of me in those years of loneliness and illness; and after my marriage to my present wife she remained with us until after the birth of Addison, my youngest, and then went with her brother to Kansas, taking up land at Oskaloosa, which at last she was deprived of by other claimants through fraud or otherwise. She then went to Kansas City, Mo., where she is now living a most useful life as nurse. During all the time of her stay with us she was an invaluable and faithful friend and servant, ready and capable for any service in doors or out. Uncouth body, but faithful soul! May the green turf lie lightly on Phebe Atkins!

Early in the summer following Amelia's death, my widowed sister, Mrs. Marcia Carter, with her two boys, Nelson and Addison, came from Vermont to Schoolcraft. She made

her home with me and was of much service in caring for myself and little daughter. Her son Addison lived with us and Nelson made his home with my sister Pamela. In the spring of 1852 they all returned to Vermont, where my sister, who had never been in very good health after the death of her husband, died the following year.

I must also mention another member of my family during these years. John Scott of Detroit, my wife's uncle, died in 1846, and in his will I was appointed jointly with Abram Canniff, executor of the estate. He left a widow and an only son, James, of whom I was subsequently guardian. The estate was quite large and the labor and responsibility considerable. James came to live with me soon after his father's death, and remained several years.

In the fall of 1850 Miss Mary Ann Miles came to Schoolcraft, to teach in the Cedar Park Seminary, which was under the charge of Miss M. A. Barrett. Miss Miles remained a year, and her health failing, she returned to her home in Hinesburgh, Vt.

In September of 1852 I went to Hinesburgh and on the 21st of that month Miss Miles and I were married and came immediately to Schoolcraft.

One of the incidents following and consequent upon this marriage was my intimate acquaintance with Dr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Stone. Mrs. Stone was a native of Hinesburgh; and Dr. Stone had been a teacher in the Academy at that place, and Mary had been a pupil of his. It was through their recommendation that Miss Barrett had procured her as assistant in her school two years before. The acquaintance thus formed has been pleasant and beneficial. The death of Dr. Stone occurred in 1888.

He was President of Kalamazoo College many years before and after 1852.

In the same year, 1852, I sold to Jonas Allen the old Smith store and lots, and received of him in exchange,—paying a small sum in difference—160 acres of land on Sec. 32 in Brady township. This land I occupied as a sheep farm for a few years, and sold it ultimately to Rishel and Himebach, for twenty-five dollars per acre—a most fortunate transaction for me.

I had little to call my attention from my occupation as farmer, until the overturn in politics with the rise of the Republican party in 1854. The success of the slave power in the Mexican War, and the acquisition of Texas and the Californias had increased its arrogance and aggressiveness, until finally the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the determined efforts to establish slavery in all the territories, aroused the North to a sense of the impending danger. It was becoming apparent that the country was to be all slave or all free.

In the election of 1854, the state of Michigan and a large part of the northern states were overwhelmingly Republican. I was elected to the state senate from Kalamazoo Co. The session was a short one; the constitution at that time allowing pay for but sixty days; but in that brief time much important legislation was enacted. Among the laws passed were a stringent prohibition liquor law; a law establishing the Agricultural College; the general rail-road law; and a law appropriating money for building the Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo. To all of these I gave hearty support. Kinsley S. Bingham, the leader of the Democrats in the legislature of 1841, was now a thoroughly converted Republican, and the Governor

of the State. George A. Coe, of Coldwater, was Lieut. Governor, and was a very able presiding officer.

Among the most active and able of the Republican Senators were Austin Blair, of Jackson; Bills, of Lenawee; Boise, of Lenawee; Conger, of St. Clair; Hussey, of Calhoun; and Upson, of St. Joseph. Blair became afterwards the noted war governor of Michigan; Conger was for many years a prominent and influential member of Congress, and Upson a well known Judge of the circuit court.

Among the Democratic Senators I remember Alvord of Lapeer, as a most persistent obstructionist and Sullivan of Cass as a man of good sense and ability.

I had a serious attack of erysipelas during the session, which confined me to my room two weeks. I was chairman of the Committee on the Asylum, and on the Committee of Towns and Counties, and on Printing.

On the 21st day of July, 1854, was born to us a son, whom we named Edward Miles. In the fall of that year my wife's brother, Dr. J. F. Miles, and sister Helen came to Schoolcraft. During his stay I went with him to visit Dr. Deming in Cooper. Helen remained with us until December, 1855. In the fall of the latter year Mrs. Brown and I made a visit to our old homes in Hinesburgh and Plymouth, Vt., taking Edward with us. I had the satisfaction of hearing his great grandfather, John Miles, who had looked askance on me, at the time of my marriage to his grand-daughter, as not a Christian believer, according to his notion, say:—"You may well be proud of that boy;" as he evidently was. He made himself very social and friendly with me, satisfied that I was not such

an ogre after all. Mary's father and mother as well as my own mother were then living, and we were warmly welcomed and entertained. We also visited friends in Cavendish; and in Chicopee and Springfield, Massachusetts, we visited my sister, Mrs. Woolley, and my nephews, Nelson and Addison Carter.

On the 27th of March, 1854, another son was born to us—George Lakin,—a fine healthy promising boy, who fell a victim to diphtheria, October 12, 1860.

Soon after my return from the legislature in the spring of 1855, the Schoolcraft and Three Rivers Railroad Co. was organized, for the purpose of building a road from Schoolcraft to Three Rivers, to which place a branch of the Michigan Southern Railroad was then running. Edward S. Moore and I attended a meeting of the directors of the M. S. R. R. at Toledo, for the purpose of getting aid in some form from that company, and we obtained a written agreement to the effect that upon completing the road to Schoolcraft the M. S. R. R. would relinquish and convey to us the road from White Pigeon to Three Rivers. From White Pigeon to Constantine the road was T rail, the remainder strap rail. We thought the terms favorable, and a commission of stock solicitors was appointed:—A. H. Scott, Henry Bishop and myself. We went about the country and got all the subscriptions we could. We called on Gov. Barry, at Constantine, who was one of the directors of the M. S. R. R., and who at Toledo, had been warmly in favor of our project. After a little pleasant chat, we told our business and requested him to subscribe something. Not a word of reply. We waited a while, talking of other matters, and then again reminded the governor of

our object, and of the importance of his name to the success of the undertaking. Not a word. And so, this was repeated, until wearied and disgusted, we left him without his having uttered a word, good or bad, with regard to our request.

E. H. Lothrop was elected president of the Schoolcraft and Three Rivers Rail Road Company, and we proceeded to have the line surveyed and located, and right of way secured as far as we could, and then we graded it and procured ties. And there we stopped. Iron was \$60 per ton, and the large sum required could not be obtained and so the project slept. After a while Lothrop got discouraged and resigned the presidency and I was elected. Still the iron could not be procured, after having tried every device we could think of. At length an agreement was made with Ransom Gardner, an old railroad man, by which, for a certain bonus to be given by the townships of Schoolcraft, Prairie Ronde and Flowerfield, and the free surrender of all our interests and rights, he was to build the road, which he did, the first passenger car coming into Schoolcraft, January 1, 1866. The amount of stock which had been subscribed was \$40,000 and \$30,000 had been expended in grading and ties. The amount of bonus from the towns mentioned was \$60,000.

Previous to the building of this road all the surplus produce from the Prairie was hauled to Kalamazoo for a market. When asked why we did not make a road to Kalamazoo instead of to Three Rivers, as Kalamazoo was our county town and where our interests and habits of trade were centered, I replied that that was just what we were doing, building a road to Kalamazoo by the shortest and cheapest way; for as soon

as we had one to Three Rivers, it would build itself to Kalamazoo, without our assistance. And this is exactly what happened, for in May, 1867, the road was completed to Kalamazoo, and going on rapidly to Allegan and Grand Rapids. Had the road to Three Rivers remained unbuilt, we might be hauling our produce to Kalamazoo to this day. The road cost me about \$1,000 in cash, besides a great deal of time and trouble.

Some of the principal stockholders and aiders in the undertaking were E. B. Dyckman, Delamore Duncan, Henry Breese, M. N. Duncan and Wm. Wheeler.

On the 21st day of June, 1854, the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo, celebrated the Quarter Century Anniversary of the Settlement of the Village and County of Kalamazoo, and I was invited to read a poem on that occasion, and the poem, "Kala," was written and read. The occasion was one of much interest, Col. Curtenius delivered the address and Gov. Ransom presided at the public dinner which was given with toasts and speeches.

In the spring of 1857 I was elected one of the regents of the University, for a term of six years, beginning Jan. 1, 1858. I found the service—the meetings of the Board, and all the incidents, interesting and instructive. Our meetings were generally harmonious and pleasant. Towards the close of the term, however, an unfortunate controversy arose with the President of the University, Dr. Tappan, mainly in regard to the extent of his powers and authority, which at length became a bitter one; so that, at the meeting in June 1863, resolutions were passed, removing Dr. Tappan from the presidency, and making other changes in the officers and faculty. The vote of re-

removal was unanimous with the exception that Regent Baxter, although he agreed to the change beforehand, either was silent or voted no, I do not remember which. Dr. E. O. Haven was elected to fill the vacancy, under whose care the University nearly doubled its numbers and resources, and has since become one of the greatest in the land, with an enrollment this present year—1891—of 2,800 students. The removal of Dr. Tappan produced great excitement throughout the state, as well as among the students, with whom he was generally popular. But the faculty nearly all favored the removal. Dr. Tappan, with many admirable qualities, possessed some that were incompatible with his position at the head of a great university.

I was for several years one of the trustees of Kalamazoo College. In 1859 my daughter, Ada, entered that institution and graduated from it in 1863. During the whole period she boarded in the family of Dr. Stone, the President of the College. In 1860 I was invited to deliver a poem at the Commencement at Kalamazoo College and on the 19th of June delivered the poem, "To-day." This poem was largely political, dealing with the John Brown episode and other affairs with which the nation was vexed and disturbed. In recognition of this poem, Dr. Stone, who visited Greece and the Orient that year, procured and gave me on his return a beautiful agate-headed cane; the staff, a black thorn cut from Mount Parnassus, was carved by a Greek with a vine, illustrating the Greek line of beauty. A most beautiful present with which I was greatly pleased.

In September, 1857, I began building the front addition to my house, and also made some repairs and alterations

in the old part. The new front was finished the next spring.

In May, 1858, the Rev. Howard M. Jones and wife came to board with us and remained until the fall. Mr. Jones was the pastor of the Baptist church at Schoolcraft. Mrs. Jones was the daughter of Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the National Hymn, "America." They were refined and pleasant people.

On the 15th of February, 1859, was born the youngest of my children, Addison Makepeace. He now has charge of the farm, and the care of our old age. Both my sons are graduates of the University of Michigan; Edward having been a member of the class of 1880 and Addison of that of 1883. Edward, after his graduation, was Principal of the High School at La Porte, Ind., for two years. There he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Adkins, of Milford, Delaware, whom he afterward married, April 25, 1883. At the time of his marriage, he and Addison were carrying on the farm together, but the following year, Edward and his wife returned to La Porte, and both taught there again for two years, Edward as Principal of the High School, and his wife, who was a graduate of Smith College, as an assistant.

In 1886 they went to Germany, where Edward entered the University of Strasburg, and continued in several of the Universities of Germany, until in the summer of 1889, while at Göttingen, he received an invitation to a professorship in Cornell University, for one year, to supply a vacancy caused by the absence of Prof. Corson. He accepted the invitation, and at the end of the year returned to Göttingen and soon received the degree of Ph. D., *magna cum laude*, in that University. Being offered a Professorship in the Univer-

sity of Cincinnati, he accepted it, and is now Professor of English Language and Literature in that institution.

Addison was married on October 29, 1885, to Miss Mollie Earl, daughter of John Earl of this place. They have ~~two~~ as pretty children as make happy any household in the land, and they live, as I think I have said before, in a house which stands very nearly on the spot to which I first came in 1831.

It is fitting that I should speak in the course of this life history of mine, of the great era of 1860.

In 1856 James Buchanan had been elected President of the United States. In the presidential canvass of that year, a great meeting of Republicans was held at Kalamazoo, at which there was speaking by noted orators from several stands. I attended the meeting, and going upon the ground, I had decided to give my attention chiefly to the address of Governor Bingham, with whom I was well acquainted. But as I passed on, looking for the different speakers, my attention was attracted by a tall, black-haired, awkward looking man who was speaking in strong, earnest tones, and I caught the words—"Mr. Buckhannon," as he was explaining the views and exposing the errors of the Democratic candidate.

I thought I would listen to this long, lank orator, who, I learned, was "Abe Lincoln," of Illinois, a minute or two, and then pass on to the stand of my old friend, Governor Bingham. But I need hardly say that Governor Bingham and his oration were utterly ignored and forgotten as I listened to the masterly oratory of Abraham Lincoln.

I attended the Republican National Convention at Chicago, in May, 1860, which resulted in the nomination of the immortal Abraham Lincoln to the

Presidency. Wm. H. Seward was a prominent candidate; and the contest between his friends and those who opposed his nomination was most bitter. Horace Greeley was a most determined opponent, incited by a desire, no doubt, to pay Seward off for some personal slights and injuries; and most bitterly was his opposition resented by the friends of Seward. Great, burly ruffians would follow Greeley about the public room of the hotel where he stopped, cursing and threatening him, while he would slowly back away from them, calmly, but forcibly replying to them.

At the conclusion of the convention an excursion trip was given by the railroads to all the members and officers of the convention and all state officers who had attended it. As a Regent of the University I was permitted a seat, and we had a most enjoyable trip, going by way of Rockford to Dubuque, where we stopped over night, then down the Mississippi to Clinton, where we dined; and thence by rail to Chicago. The trip down the Mississippi was with two steamboats lashed together, side to side, called a catamaran. My companion at the convention and on the excursion was my old friend, Erastus Hussey, of Battle Creek.

Everybody knows the result of the election as to its candidate, and also, as to its effect upon the fame and fortunes and life of the nation. All that belongs to another history. It had no bearing upon this history except as it had upon the life of every citizen of the United States, each in his lot. The Rebellion, the Civil War, the long contest, and the final victory of the North, with the attending circumstances of trials and costs, and deprivations and sufferings were shared by all, but not by all alike.

I have not thought it necessary in the history of my life as a farmer, to give details of farm business, of favorable seasons and good crops or the reverse, of purchase and sale of land or sale of crops. All these are minor incidents and I pass them by. I have been able to meet all obligations, and educate my children.

Soon after the organization of the First National Bank at Three Rivers, I acquired a few thousand dollars of the stock, and was soon thereafter elected a director in the institution, which office I continued to hold for many years, until increasing age rendered it a burden to attend the meetings. Edward S. Moore was President of the Bank from its inception until his death, and Chas. L. Blood was Cashier, and after the death of Mr. Moore was President. It gives me pleasure to record the uniform friendliness and courtesy shown me by these officers, as well as by my fellow directors.

When the Peninsular Rail Road Company was organized, (this road has now become a part of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Rail Road,) I subscribed \$400 to the stock. The company proceeded to build the road and soon became involved in debt and unable to liquidate. The general railroad law provides that individual stockholders shall be liable for labor done and performed for the company. While the road was being built one A. J. Johnson, who kept a little shop at Vicksburg, hired men to do certain work, which he had contracted to do for the railroad company, and paid them in trade at his shop. The company failed to pay him for the work, and he brought suit for \$10,000 against Dr. N. M. Thomas and myself to recover for the work. The matter was in court several

years, without coming to final trial, but a decision of the Supreme Court in a case involving the same principles, was decided adversely to the claimants, and as a consequence, the suit against us was withdrawn.

In the year 1878 I was elected to the State Senate, and my attendance at the session of 1879 was one of the pleasantest episodes of my life. The Senate was composed of a body of most genial and agreeable gentlemen, and nothing occurred to mar the general harmony and good feeling that prevailed among the members.

Hon. Thomas W. Palmer was a member. He has since been a United States Senator, Minister to Spain, and is now President of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. He invited me to his residence in Detroit, during the session, where I spent several days very pleasantly. I would mention and characterize other individual members, but that might seem partial where all were my friends. A most agreeable and pleasant incident took place in the month of March in that session. I was presented by the Senators with a beautiful gold-headed cane. Senator Ambler, the youngest member, made a pleasant speech, to which I, the oldest, responded. On this occasion my sons were both present, Edward from the University, where he was a student, and Addison from home. My wife accompanied me to Lansing at the opening of the session, and remained until the first of April. We boarded at a hotel kept by Mr. John Bush. Mr. Jonathan Parsons, a member of the House, from Kalamazoo, boarded at the same place, and was a most agreeable gentleman. After the first of April Mr. Parsons and I boarded at the Lansing House, lodging at the house of Mr. E. H. Porter.

All the incidents of that session, legislative and social, were of the most agreeable character and left pleasing remembrances that will last as long as life remains. I was chairman of the Committee on the University, and on the occasion of the visit of the Committee to the University, I read an address, to the President and Regents, on the then much agitated matter of the Rose and Douglass controversy, which received the warm approval of the friends of Dr. Rose. I soon afterwards received a letter of thanks from Professor Boise, formerly Professor of Greek at Ann Arbor, and at that time a Professor of Divinity in the Chicago Baptist Theological Seminary, at Morgan Park.

An autobiography is necessarily egotistical. The play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out is as supposable as an autobiography without the *ego*. I shall, therefore, make no apology for any minute detail, given or to be given, of the incidents in which I am the principal or only figure. My senatorial service, already detailed, closes my political life,—my official connection with public affairs. It will be noted that I have been but three times elected to the legislature, and these at wide intervals. If a reason is sought for this, I say that from first to last I never sought office. I never intimated to any living man that I desired a nomination to any office or a vote for it. If any man wants office, he must do as others do, and use the means to get it. But I would not, that is all. And in truth I never desired it. There is much that is pleasant in acting with and knowing public men. But I abhor the methods often employed to obtain office. Besides the public offices I have specified, I held the office of supervisor of the

township of Brady, then consisting of the entire south half of the county, in 1837. Then came the county commissionership of which I have made mention. Afterwards I was supervisor of Schoolcraft township once or twice. The office of school inspector, and of member of the school board I held almost uninterruptedly, from the first organization of schools in the township to the building of the new High School Building, in 1871, in which I took prominent part.

Among the events I have witnessed and have not related in order in this history, is the celebrated River and Harbor Convention, held at Chicago in 1847. The party in power had steadily resisted appropriations on the part of the general government for the improvement of the rivers and harbors, except for harbors on salt water or rivers flowing into salt water.

This was in the interest of the South, where there are no bodies of fresh water whose commerce required aid in that way. In the meantime the great fresh water seas of the North West, had become the scene of commerce nearly equaling all the salt water commerce of the country. Wrecks of vessels and loss of lives and property were constantly occurring and not a dollar could be got to improve the harbors that so much needed it because the water was not salt. Finally the North became indignant, and a convention was called at Chicago to devise measures for a remedy.

It was a great and notable convention of great and notable men. Asa Brown and I drove in the night time, to Benton Harbor, arriving at the little log tavern of Mr. Morton, just at sunrise. We left our horse and buggy there and crossed Lake Michigan on a

schooner, to be at the convention on the last day of the session. We heard some able speaking, by Horace Greeley, Anson Burlingame and others. But the convention was taken by surprise, charmed and delighted when Edward Bates, the President of the convention, on the motion for final adjournment, arose and delivered an oration that gave him at once, a national reputation. He was afterward Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Lincoln.

The deliberations of the convention had a great effect upon the country, and the doctrine that the water must be salt to entitle the commerce upon it to the care of the government was soon after abandoned.

I remember that when I came home I found a portrait in oil had been painted during my absence, of Ada, who was then three years old.

One summer I received a free pass and an invitation from the M. C. R. R. to attend the close of the trial of the conspirators, for burning the depot at Detroit. William H. Seward was counsel for the conspirators. The case had been on trial for several months, and Governor Seward was to make his argument for the defense. I went, and heard the masterly plea of Gov. Seward. He spoke two days, giving the history of the case and the testimony in all its details, with the utmost minuteness and accuracy, without the slightest note of any kind. The legal and oratorical display was wonderful. But the hard facts in the case could not be controverted. The leader of the conspiracy had died in jail during the trial, and the others were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

I had been on a train, a year or two previous to the burning of the depot, which was derailed by a wooden wedge

placed on the track in such a way as to throw the engine off from a high embankment a few miles east of Albion, killing the engineer and badly scalding one or two others. The breaking of the coupling alone saved the whole train from being thrown down the embankment, to the destruction, probably, of many lives. This was in the neighborhood of the disaffected parties who had a grudge against the road, for killing cattle, and refusing to satisfy their demands for damages.

In May 1868, I attended the convention at Chicago, that nominated Gen. Grant for the Presidency. There was nothing remarkable at the convention, except the enthusiasm for Grant; and even that was less than his growing fame would seem to justify. But there was then some lack of confidence in his ability to fill the office to which he was nominated. General Grant has not been without detractors even in his own party, but the greatness of his name and fame have been steadily growing, and those doubted then who would now admit his great abilities.

In February 1869, my brothers, James and George of Plymouth, Vermont, made us a visit at Schoolcraft, and I accompanied them to Pana, Illinois, where my sister Susan,—Mrs. Woolley,—was living, and from there we went to Moro, to visit my niece, Mrs. Sally Flagg, and nephew, James Smith. Mr. Flagg was attending the session of the legislature, of which he was a member. He was then owner of a large farm of 1,400 acres about three miles from Moro. His death occurred not long after. Ada had gone there the fall previous at the invitation of Mrs. Flagg to instruct her young daughters, and remained until the following May. About the time that she went to Moro, Miss Orpha

Baldwin of Hinesburgh, Vermont, an old friend of my wife's, came to us and staid with us during the winter and spring. She was a most delightful person, who brought a charm to life wherever she was present.

About the last of November, 1877, the remains of my sister, Mrs. Woolley, were brought here from her home near Pana, for interment. The funeral was held at my house. Susan was a most lovely woman, possessed of every quality that could render home happy and prosperous.

In September 1870, with my wife and son Addison, I made a visit to friends at the East. After spending some time at Hinesburgh, we went to Plymouth where were my brothers, James and George and other friends. My mother had died in the month of August, the preceding year at the great age of eighty-six years. It would be idle for me to attempt here to give my mother's memory the praise it deserves. Able, gentle and loving, with a knowledge of books and literature far beyond the condition and circumstances in which she lived, she was a good mother and a noble woman.

After a good visit at Plymouth, we visited friends at Cavendish, and from there went to Springfield and Chicopee, Mass., to visit Nelson and Addison Carter and their families. From Springfield, I made a journey to New York and Brooklyn to visit my old friend, James H. Bates. After a most delightful visit of several days, I returned to Springfield for a day or two and then we all came home.

In March 1874, I went to Lansing as member of a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the State Pioneer Society. The other members of the committee were J. Witter Bax-

ter of Hillsdale, and J. Webster Childs of Washtenaw Co. After getting through with the business of the meeting, Mr. J. T. Cobb and my wife and I, made a visit to the State Agricultural College. On the 22nd of the next month I went again to Lansing to attend a meeting for the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, and for the inauguration of the society. The meeting was held in Representative Hall, and was attended by a large number of men from all parts of the state. The Articles of Association, as they were called, were adopted, and Albert Little, of Bay City, was elected President and other officers and committees were appointed. After the pioneers present had signed the Articles, general speech-making was indulged in. The President, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Levi Bishop and others, made speeches. I see by a report of the meeting in the Lansing Republican, that, "E. Lakin Brown related a little unwritten history of Wild Cat Banking, or, as he said, 'How the cat was not let out of the bag.'"

In the spring of 1883 I gave a life lease of the farm to my two sons, and they entered into a contract for conducting it. At the end of the first year of the joint farming, Edward transferred his interest to Addison, who assumed all the liabilities in the contract.

On the 4th of August, 1884, my wife and I, accompanied by Mrs. Helen Pursel, started for a visit to New England. Mrs. Pursel stopped at Rutland and my wife and I went on to Burlington and Hinesburgh. At the end of a pleasant week I left Mary, and went to Plymouth, to spend as much time at the old home as I could. I found the big farm-house of my brother James, full, as usual, of summer visitors—relatives

and friends. All his children and grand-children were there at one time or another during my visit. Also my brother Tom was there, whom I had not seen for more than thirty years; and my cousin John Page Brown, a cripple, but the cheerfulest soul alive. During the five or six weeks I spent in Plymouth, no pains were spared on the part of all to make my visit pleasant. We drove about the country and neighboring towns, and visited everything of interest to be found in the vicinity. But except my own relatives, almost everybody was a stranger. It was fifty-five years since I came to Michigan, and there was scarcely a living soul remaining that I knew before I left.

After remaining with her friends at Hinesburgh three or four weeks, my wife came to Plymouth, and after staying a few days we went to Cavendish, making our home with my niece, Mrs. Bigelow. We also visited at Mr. William Smith's, meeting all those who were the daughters of John Proctor;—Sarah, widow of Addison Smith, Lorette, widow of Joseph White, Elizabeth, widow of Levi Churchill of St. Louis, Ada,—Mrs. Alex. Smith—also of St. Louis, and Isabel, Mrs. William Smith.

While in Cavendish we made a visit of three days to my old friend, James H. Bates, who was spending the summer at the old homestead, which he had purchased some years before, and improved and ornamented at great cost. He was living in most delightful style, and he and his admirable wife made the time a perfect holiday for us. Their daughter, Elizabeth, was there and a young lady, Miss Stokes, of New York, making a most charming family.

After a day or two at Bellows Falls, at the house of my nephew George A.

Brown, and a few days in Massachusetts, we left for home on the first day of October. I had seen the old home and the scenes of my childhood for the last time.

And here I close for the present this record of the events of my life.

NOTE.—After closing the account of the events of his life in this way my father added some incidents of early days, evidently as afterthoughts. These I have inserted, as nearly as possible, in their proper places in the narrative. Nothing which occurred between the years 1886 and 1892 is set down. But in March, 1892, my father began a kind of diary containing entries mainly of family interest, inserted at irregular intervals. The last of these is dated December 9, 1898, a few months before his death.

A. A. B.

Editor's Note.

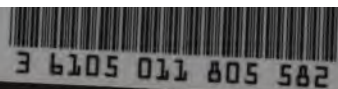
The Autobiographical Notes were written by my father in the fall and winter of 1891—1892 at the solicitation of his children, in order that they might have an accurate record of the events of his life to which to refer. There was at the time no thought of publication, and my father therefore wrote in a more familiar and unstudied way than he otherwise would have done. I have thought best, however, to make but few changes.

Since my father's death (which occurred on April 12, 1899) we have felt the need of having more than one copy of the Notes. Friends also have expressed a desire to have them published. Aside from their autobiographical interest, as the story of the life of a man of strong personality who was an important factor in the settlement and early history of this part of Michigan, these Notes have additional value, since they furnish an authentic record of pioneer life and experiences before the days of railroads, that may be of use to the future historian of the State.

A. A. B.

Schoolcraft, Mich., June 27, 1905.





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